ONE WAY TICKET TO CUBESVILLE

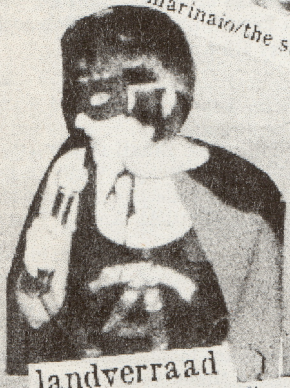
ISSUE 14

gee vaucher
crass/exitstencial press

mike watt
il sogno del marinaio/the stooges

£1
OR 50P
PLASTIC BAG PRICE

Punk movie-making:
behind the scenes at oi polloi the movie



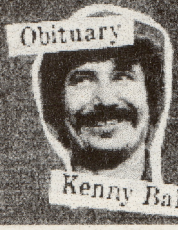
landverraad
superhero action figures

THIS ISSUE WAS NOT GOING TO FEATURE MUSIC BUT NOW IT DOES

endless grinning skulls

bitches

thisclose



Obituary
Kenny Ball

Fanzine libraries
inside salford zine library
what is Punks is Hippies?

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But let's kick off with some irrelevant guff.

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But we had a good chinwag about cakes and pies and tea.

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Filming bands is pretty groovy.
So is turning it into a movie.

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Landverraad are fast, political, punk and frantic,
But we love them too for their superhero antics.

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If they go, you sure do miss 'em,
With their flagrant disregard for the Dewey Decimal System.

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Interviewing this inspirational guy was such a biggy,
As much for his new band Il sogno than for his work with Iggy (Pop).

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Jazz legend Kenny Ball passed on,
which really was a shame,
But that old witch Thatcher keeled over to cheer us up again.

One Way Ticket to Cubesville is on sale at:
Manchester: Rockers of England
Berlin: via Chriz
Birmingham: via Irish Dave
Bristol: via Hooch
Leeds: Crash Records
New York: Generation Records

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Reporter in absentia: Irish Dave
Sharp-eyed subeditor: Zoe Prejudiceme

Back issues still available:

Essential for lazy people who spend an ages on the bog. email me for details...

50p each plus postage. Paypal or contact me through the Cubesville email address.

#13 Education special featuring punk at university and punks on education. Plus The Cravats and Nu Pogodi interviews, Mob action figures and Pussy Riot news analasys.

#12 Sold out

Very few of the following. Email me first:
#11. George Orwell special. Reagan Youth, Oi Polloi, Anhrefn, Black Star Dub Collective, Faintest Idea, Zounds, Left for Dead, Eastfield, Andy T. Plus outlandish rants, etc.

#10. Punk movie special with Subhumans, Melt Banana, Ste McCabe, OKCafe, Anarchist Darts.

#9. Doom, Wankys, Shitty Limits and Autonomads interviews and Active Minds Action Figures. Articles on Oz Magazine and Crass.

#8. Star Fucking Hipsters, Discharge, Afternoon Gentlemen and Hammers interviews and Revenge of the Psychotronic Man Action Figures.

fanx

Zoe, Irish Dave, Footprint, Steve "Means to an End" Hyland, Oaklahoma for coffee, 1 in 12 for gigs, Footprint printere, David & Under the Pavement radio show.
Listen to us on Under the Pavement every week
http://www.underthepavement.org/
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UNDER THE PAVEMENT RADIO SHOW

ISSUE 14: THIS ISSUE WAS NOT GOING TO FEATURE MUSIC...

Yeah, this is a punkzine, but punk isn't just about music. It's about art, film, lots of stuff.

And this issue we wanted to explore what makes that crazy inventive culture.

So we meet Gee Vaucher, whose totally distinctive artwork inspired legions of record cover artists. And we take the theme of punk films discussed in Issue 10 for a walk to talk to people making totally DIY punk documentaries.

And the article on fanzine libraries asks big questions about how we store what we create.

...BUT IT DOES.

Along came Mike Watt, who had to get in this issue because his mind-expanding music and DIY ethic continues to broaden horizons. Cool. And Landverraad superhero action figures were too good to leave for a future issue.

SOUNDBITTEN: ISSUE 14 IN DIGESTIBLE CHUNKS

T-BEAT IS THE NEW STRAIGHT EDGE

T-Beat is where I'm at just now – not had a drink for three long months. Seems like lots of people I've spoken to are taking a break from the booze – but Straight Edge gave sobriety such a bad name that folks don't have the vocabulary to describe not being drunk while listening to loud fast music. So T-Beat it is.

ZINES ARE TO BLOGS WHAT VINYL IS TO CDS

Sort of. Vinyl is cool, CDs are ok, but they're something "THEY" (fascist music industry types like EMI, CBS, HMV, M15) hoodwinked us into buying. Social media is naff like CDs. You don't own the copyright on your social media site. It's like writing for the Times – they publish it for you but it doesn't belong to you. The world is undergoing a massive social experiment with the internet, and people are handing over all their groovy creative stuff to people they don't know. I'm not sold on it. Zines will outlive Facebook. Zines and vinyl are always exciting.

THIS SHIT HAS ALL BEEN DONE BEFORE

That statement is a social, cultural and intellectual suicide note. That statement doesn't get me out of bed in the morning.

YOU SAY YOU RE NOT INTO TECHNOLOGY, BUT THIS ZINE DEMONSTRATES THAT YOU ARE INTO TECHNOLOGY. I HATE YOU. I HATE YOU. I HATE YOU. YOU ARE A FRAUD.

I begged, stole and borrowed what I needed to make this zine. Software, freeware, pens and pritstik. Technology's fun and exciting. Blocking the pavement while you stare into your mobile phone with your mouth hanging open is not.

YOUTH CULTURE IS DEAD. LONG LIVE PUNK SUBCULTURE

This fanzine's readership is somewhere between 15 and 70. The world changed since sociologists said punk was "youth culture". Generations talk together, gig together and swap ideas. A bit like if there was a sequel to Logan's Run when young people didn't commit suicide at 30 and got old instead. The world's pretty boring if you're relatively poor, so you might as well carry on doing what turns you on. Punk is subculture. (And Logan's Run is a 70s sci-fi cult classic)

YOU CLAIM TO BE INTO THE HERE AND NOW, BUT THE PEOPLE YOU INTERVIEWED AREN T EMERGING BANDS. THIS IS RETRO. RETRO IS THE LAUDANUM OF THE 21ST CENTURY.

(Laudanum – a blend of opium and alcohol loved by the Victorians)
There's a Chinese story that describes this:
A family is starving. They must dispose of one family member. Will it be the child or the grandmother? They decide that the grandmother's life experience is invaluable so they choose the child. Tearfully, they go to dig the child's grave. They find a pot of gold and all live happily ever after. Bingo.
Mike Watt and Gee Vaucher changed the way I look at stuff. But I want to know about now. Landverraad and Endless Grinning Skulls changed the way I look at stuff. Swings and roundabouts. D'youknowwhatImeanlike.

WHAT S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A MAGAZINE AND A FANZINE?

A magazine identifies an audience and writes about that audience's interests. A fanzine doesn't give that much of a shit. I've written the fanzine, not that I would like to read, but that I would like to write.

Go do your own. There's a good punk rocker.

Cheers,
Rev Richard Cubesville
Manchester
April 2013

FUCK THE PUB QUIZ

What letter do the answers form when you list them down the page?

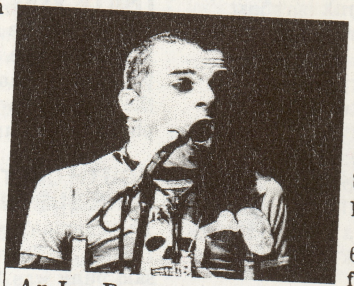
1. Name the album by rediscovered Bristolian comedy proto-thrashers Chaotic Dischord: xxxx Politics, xxxx Religion, xxxx the Lot of You?

2. Although the singers of The Blockheads and Flux of Pink Indians both sported fine mullets, they had a little more in common. The same word is missing from the Ian Dury intro and Flux LP title – what is it? Dury: "Arseholes, bastards, xxxxing cunts and pricks"; Flux: "The xxxxing cunts treat us like pricks".

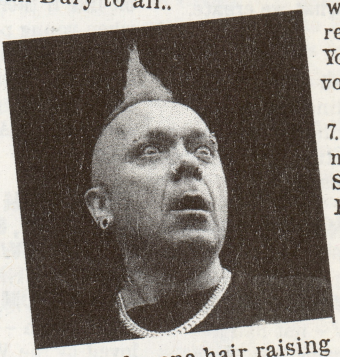
3. Transgender first wave punk and 1960s gay rights activist Wayne/Jayne County released the single: xxxx Off (on which Jools Holland played the piano)?

4. Chumbawamba released a compilation LP called "xxxx EMI" before they signed to ... errrm ... EMI.

5. Anarcho-thrashers Conflict sang in To Whom it May Concern: "They couldn't give a xxxx, but why should they xxxxing bother?/When we accept the shit they've shat, they think there's no chance of attack/ Complacency creeps in, cracks form in the foundations/ Systems start to seize up - power mongers flee the nation."



An Ian Dury to one is an Ian Dury to all..



...then for one hair raising moment, Wattie caught sight of his reflection in the mirrorball and froze on the dance floor...

6. Oi Polloi recorded two frustrated songs about the John Major government, which frustratingly kept their relevance; "John Major xxxx You" and "Xxxx Everybody who voted tory".

7. Name the Midlands grindcore merchants who did a split with Stinky Weezleteet: Xxxx Your Haircut.

8. (Now retired) Canadian punks DOA said to US President Ronald Reagan : "You're xxxxed Up Ronnie!"

9. Name the US politico-punks interviewed in Cubesville #8: Star xxxxing Hipsters.

10. The Exploited invited us to "Xxxx the USA".

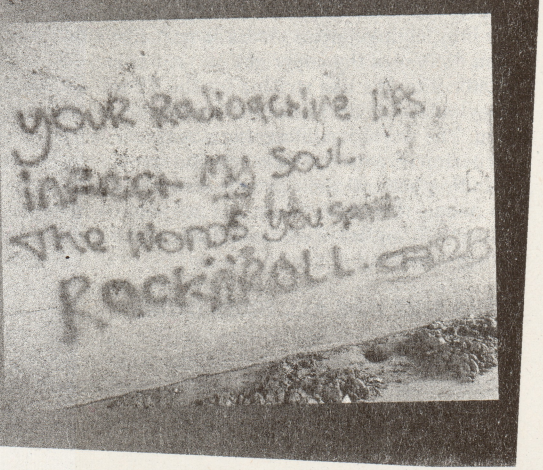
SPRAYPAINT THE WALLS

Not everything spray-painted in public spaces is the awkward scribbling of a section of the populace so unevolved that it trashes its own environment with its members' infantile attempts to write their own fucking names. Fer Chrissakes.

Here's something lovely from a very unlovely suburb of Runcorn.

We'd like to hear from you if you've sprayed something interesting on a wall. Apart from your own or bodily fluids. Or maybe you'd like to share something interesting. Ditto.

Send your pix to cubesville@hotmail.com



THE INTERNET: ITS NOT ALL MINDLESS DERIVATIVE DOGSHITE

Bored with your computer? Don't smash it up straight away: Flick through the reviews for Barrettine Methylated Spirit (500ml bottle) on Amazon – someone, somewhere got a good sense of humour.

"Cannot recommend Barrettine's Methylated Spirit 500ml enough. At a recent party one of our guests spilt a whole glass of red wine on our brand new cream carpet. Later that evening, after my second bottle of Barrettines a dodgy sausage roll I had eaten earlier caused me to throw up all over the same area of carpet. When we came round two days later and cleaned up, we found the red wine stain completely gone. Well done Barrettines, another winner!"

"Finally, a forum where the delights of BMS can be shared with other advocates. As a mid twenties male with low self esteem, body odor that could kill a sow and a BMI of >40, finding the love of my life (not counting my Uncle Lawrence) has been difficult through my adolescence and adult years. All this changed around 8 months ago when I discovered Barrettine Methylated Spirit."

There's hundreds of them. Find them here: http://www.amazon.co.uk/dp/B002ATI4VG/ref=tsm_1_fb_lk

SITTING IN THE CELLS WITH...WHO?

This issue: Paul Autonomads/Holiday

Who would you most like to spend a night in the cells with?
Penny Rimbaud.

Ideally arrested for what?
Swimming in the river Thames.

What topic do you talk about?
How exactly Penny Rimbaud arrived at the conclusion that it is possible to be free when locked in a prison cell. I would like an explanation and a demonstration.

What do you shout at the duty sergeant in the early hours?
Can someone come and check on Penny please? Seriously.

Where do you go for a slap up breakfast when they let you out?
Nowhere, the corn-flakes and water were fine thankyou.

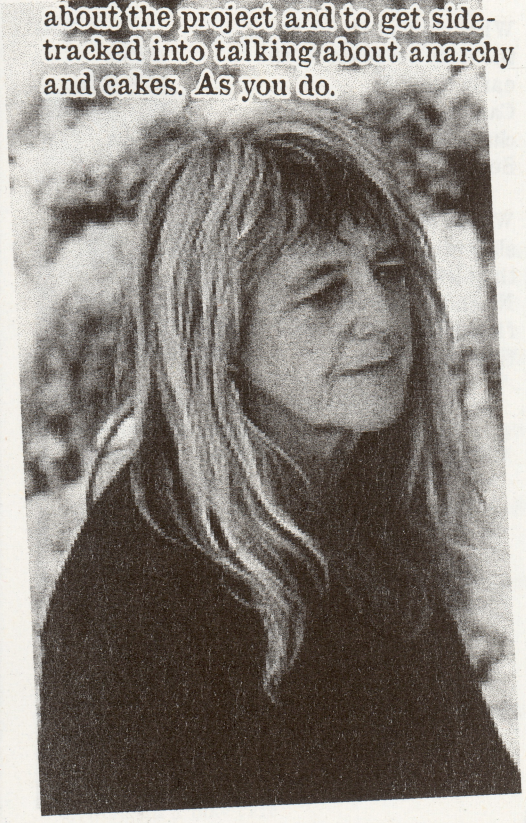
FUCK THE PUB QUIZ ANSWERS

1. Fuck fuck fuck
2. Fuck fuck
3. Fuck
4. Fuck
5. Fuck fuck
6. Fuck fuck
7. Fuck
8. Fuck
9. Fuck
10. Fuck

Answer: F
Next issue's answer: U

GEE VAUCHER

Artist Gee Vaucher created some of the most spectacular and memorable images ever to adorn a punk rocker's bedroom wall. As a member of Crass, her record covers, posters and collages informed generations of anarchists of the possibilities of DIY culture and inspired them to make their own art. Now, at the age of 68, she and Penny Rimbaud have revived Crass project Exitstencil Press. Cubesville caught up with Gee at the Manchester and Salford Anarchist Bookfair to find out about the project and to get side-tracked into talking about anarchy and cakes. As you do.



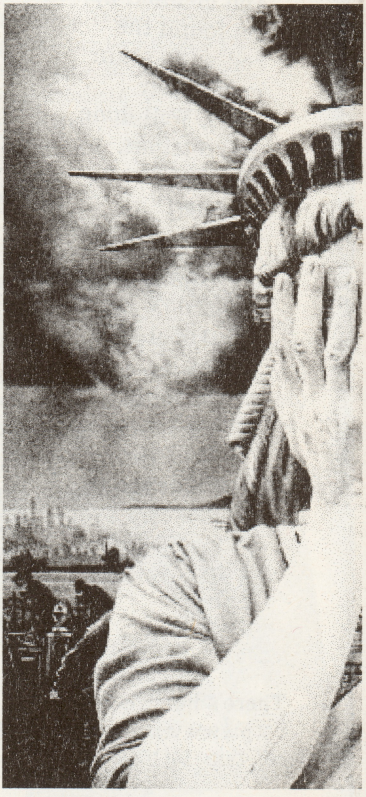
Richard Cubesville: You've designed some of the most memorable record sleeves in my record collection...

Gee Vaucher: You can't have a very big collection then... (laughs)

RC: You inspired a whole movement of these very striking sleeves...

GV: I liked working in black and white and we couldn't afford anything else when it came to printing. And then wanting to change the whole approach to record covers, not only in their image, but in the way they were presented – so the fold-out cover 36 by 24 was quite revolutionary. We wanted as much paper as we could get.

RC: I went to a gallery in Berlin last year to an exhbition of DaDaist work. I saw the Dadaist manifesto and said: "I know this!" It reminded me of Crass artwork, especially Penis Envy. It struck me that you brought a lot of influences into what you were doing.



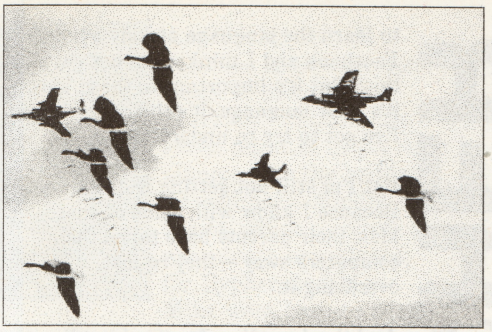
GV: We were a lot older and we were all artists in some sense. So yes, we were informed. Just the challenge of trying to speak to another generation – you can't use the same tools every time, you have to ask: what is it that people are relating to? At the time they were relating much more to

image. It wouldn't have done us any good to stand up as Crass and just speak poetry – it wouldn't have resonated. At the time, people wanted something much more in your face, if you like, and passionate. We weren't musicians – we were artists. There was one person who could play a guitar and we worked on that really – the rest of the band just picked something up and did our best.

But that's what it was about – just doing it: if you feel that passionate about something, find a voice. Who cares what the fuck the voice is, just do it. And I learnt this from Piccasso – he said the most important thing is to do. So yeah; stop provaricating, stop finding excuses for not doing it. Find something – there's paper lying round in the street; there's charcoal you can burn – make a mark with that. You'll find a way. If it's that important to you and you're that passionate about it, you'll find a way. And if you don't, then it can't be that real can it?

RC: I talked to Andy T a while ago about the Bullshit Detector album. When I first heard it, I thought half of it was awful. But it still really inspired me to make fanzines and stuff.

GV: The Bullshit Detector albums were really important to us – that was just the person on the street trying to say something. I mean, that was the best of the terrible too: we used to get sackloads of stuff. But, it wasn't about the quality of the sound and the drawings – it couldn't be – it was about



a person or group of people trying to convey something they felt strongly about.

It was just giving people the chance to say something. And it could be one kid, very alone in a lot of ways – bullied at school or whatever – saying what they had to say and that was very important to us. So the albums in themselves, even though they sounded terrible; like you say – they inspired you. Because you'd think: "Fucking hell, if they can do that, so can I."

RC: When I started making fanzines, I was the only kid in my class who was interested in that.

GV: There are a lot of young people who feel very isolated. Not only isolated physically, but isolated in their thinking. They think they're alone and that nobody else thinks like that. I think it's quite empowering when they're told: "You're not the freak that you're told you are, you're not the nerd; you are you." And that is power in itself. I was a very different kid, and I thought: "Fuck it, this is what I feel." I was encouraged by my parents, but some kids are told to go out there and get married, get a mortgage and all the rest of this stuff.

I don't know how young people deal with it now because of this internet. Are people less isolated because they can Twitter, Facebook and fuck knows what else they can do? Has it empowered them more? I suspect not. I suspect it's left them isolated because it's all on screen. It's all this: "I've got 600 friends." Really? When this was first said to me by a child that I knew didn't have any friends – he came over and said to me: "I've got 50 friends." He'd gone to a new school. And I said: "Oh that's great! I'm so pleased for you." He said: "Yes, I keep Twittering and I keep..." And I thought: "I've got to try to understand what's going on here – it's another generation". Is this real for them? Because it certainly isn't real for me. And I try

GEE VAUCHER

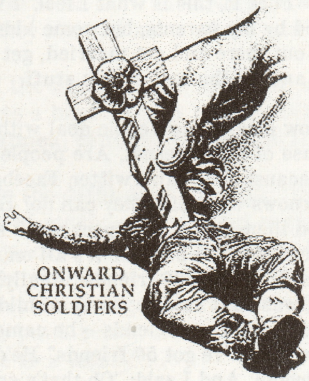
to learn the language of kids who do Facebook and I think, "I'm not getting this." But it's important to these kids – it's their language, it's their time – and I've got to try to understand it.

But I'm still not getting it quite. Because I know with some of these kids, their parents have taken their computers away – they're just overdoing it.

And they're relieved – they're relieved that they don't have to answer, answer, answer all the time. It's the same with their phones when they're taken away – they are actually relieved because they don't actually have to respond, they don't have to jump.

RC: Do you think it's like swimming in a pool where the water's really choppy...

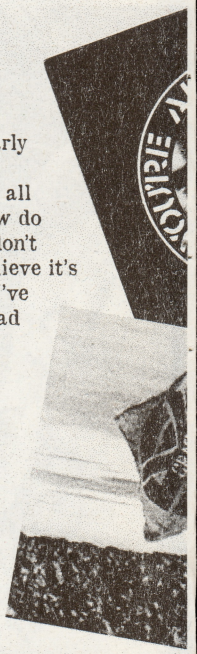
GV: You've got no choice – you've got to keep going with it. I feel that with a lot of kids, they're constantly checking if anyone's texted them. They're constantly checking their likability or lovability by how many texts they get a day. Even if it's crap.



RC: Do you think as life goes on it's a duty to understand and not to dictate what's going on with younger people?

GV: I don't think anything's a duty. I think all life's about sharing – and that's sharing from a newborn baby to a 110-year-old person: what have we got to share here? How can we connect? How can we have a conversation? And conversation's easy – it should be easy. People should be open to all sorts. What should we care what people look like? As long as they're respectful to me, I have no problem. I don't care what colour, what size, shape or nationality. But if people are disrespectful, and that covers a whole gamut of arrogance, ego, racism – what is the point of all that? Even if we can't speak one another's language, we should be able to smile at one another and use our hands, and to touch.

It's a bit like being a child – why lose the child? A child doesn't have that problem at all? Why lose that innocence? But because of this contortion of people's feelings and their angers and their hurts from early childhood, we get these extremes of behaviour – from rape to murder to all the other crap that goes on. And how do we deal with the rapist? Because I don't believe we're born to rape – I do believe it's circumstances. Maybe that's naïve; I've no idea. But I can't go down that road of thinking we're born rapists and murderers – I can't go down that, it would defeat anything I do.



RC: Do you want to tell us what you're doing at the moment? We're sat at the Manchester and Salford Anarchist Bookfair and you've a table full of books.

GV: We've resurrected Exitstencil Press, which we started during the Crass era. So over the last year and two months we've been putting energies into that and publishing books and other things. I did the Anarchist Bookfair in London last year and this year. I used to do it a lot in the past. Where I can, I join in.

GEE VAUCHER

RC: What's your main inspiration these days?

GV: Same thing as ever – life.

RC: In the heady days of the anarchist punk explosion, your work was very defined. A certain Mrs Thatcher seemed to creep into a lot of your work.

GV: Whatever was around at the time – it's not changed, the oppression of the people has it? I just don't work so overtly politically now. A lot of that was to illustrate the music we made and the words that were said, so that's the way it came out. But I don't work in the same way. Physically – I haven't got the eyes for it. I work in a different way – it's broader. I work on very big canvasses at the moment. It's about children – children who have seen too much too soon and are very damaged.

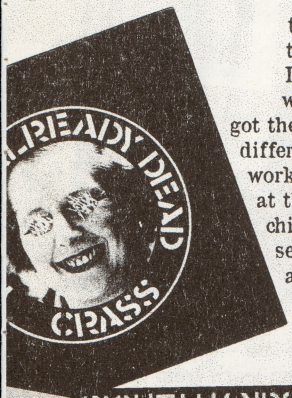
RC: I think the message is to nurture and maintain the child within us.

GV: I think so. Why would you want to give up all those things you love doing? I mean, I still love climbing trees, running down the beach, doing stupid things and falling over – y'know? Why would I want to give that up? This whole thing of "you'll grow out of it". And you think: "No, I want to take it with me. I want to get wiser, I want to become a better person, but I don't want to give up that joy of life. Why?" A lot of people either lose it; it's kicked out of them, or they take on something that absolutely kills them in the end – they become disillusioned. And it doesn't have to be like that. Everybody's got a unique ability, whether it's fantastic food like that girl over there..

RC: ...Cafren from Teatime Collective, who has made some fantastic pies...

GV: It's lovely – it's a lovely gift. I buy from her because her face shows it. I pick up something. I'm a good pie maker myself and it was good, the filling was generous and it was presented nicely.

RC: I thought she got the shortcrust pastry right as well. Which means not touching it – keeping it very cold, keeping your fingers away from it and chilling your hands if you do have to touch it.



RIGHT! HANDS UP ALL THOSE WHO CAN SMELL BULL-
THE RULING CLASSES?
CRASS · RECORDS · 221984/3 BULLSHIT DETECTOR TWO.
TWO RECORD SET · FOR £2.75

GEE VAUCHER

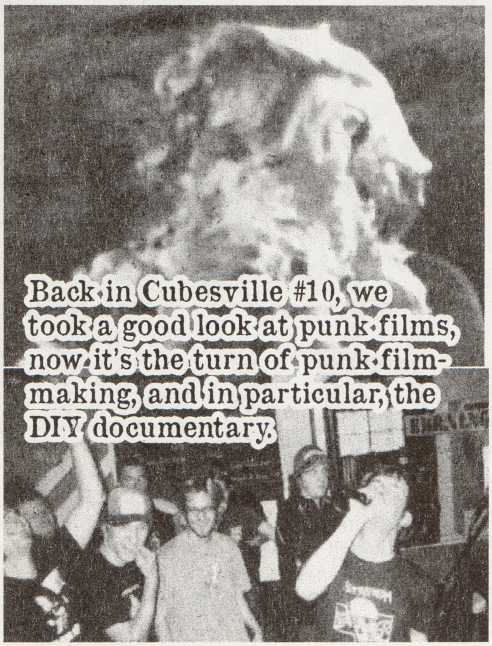
GV: It's about finding where people's abilities are. Most people don't know themselves. How can you nurture something that you don't know and they don't know? If you give responsibilities. Children especially love responsibilities, from a very early age. It's about learning. I mean, how many kids do you see with plasters on any more? Every other kid in our school used to break something. You find out about pain and what you did was really stupid. But now kids are so short – changed – they don't experience certain things. They can't get out there on the streets on their own – there's so much paranoia in this country. I reckon if I was born now with the sort of character I had as a kid, I'd probably be put away. Because I hate being contained.

And you see kids that really get into trouble because they don't want to be contained, they don't want to be told what to do – they want to make their own mistakes and learn from that. I was a kid like that,. and one of my great nieces is the same. And you have to discuss it and find a way that suits both. You find a compromise. There's nothing clever in that. Just listen to the kid, listen to what they're trying to say to you; not blanket rule – I cannot bear blanket rule.

I do think that children have the answers, but they don't know how they got there. But you lose it, you know, and you try to regain it. People do work hard at trying to gain that intuition and belief in your (taps her heart). Does it feel right? Because if it doesn't feel right, then don't do it.

Many thanks to Gee for her time, honesty and inspiring energy. Check out what Gee and Penny are up to at Exitstencil Press: www.exitstencilpress.com

PUNK MOVIE-MAKING


Back in Cubesville #10, we took a good look at punk films, now it's the turn of punk film-making, and in particular, the DIY documentary.

The thought of filming a grubby punk gig in the back room of a pub on a boring Sunday sounds pretty uninspiring. But people look back on grubby punk gigs with wonder.

Take Ian Glasper's last book, Armed with Anger – the one about punk in the 1990s which covered the rise of riot grrrl, straight edge and the free festival scene. These movements informed and inspired future generations. Somewhere, though, someone points at the Emperor's new clothes and the naked truth that hardly anyone went to these gigs at the time.

But 20 years later people care. And their desire to catalogue their scenes has been strong enough to produce a new breed of punkumentary, away from the usual mainstream culprits.

People in Arthouses shouldn't (and mostly don't) throw stones

Notable punkumentaries have sought to make sense of the 1970s, such as Julien Cope's The Filth and the Fury. This told the Sex Pistols story from a fresh, de-McLarenated perspective to the unthinkable conclusion of John Lydon breaking down in tears at the death of Sid before the camera. And subsequently, the monumentally absurd conclusion of the Sex Pistols reforming.

In search of fresher material, Cope's slick biopic of Dr Feelgood, Oil City Confidential went on a pilgrimage to Canvey Island to uncover the story of how a provincial rhythm 'n' blues band topped the charts with a blinding live album. Away from the pop charts, the awe-inspiring and heart-rending We Jam Econo, which received a UK premier in London's uber-arthouse ICA, took an intimate drive with Minutemen bassist Mike Watt around the streets of Southern California to re-live his early relationship with guitarist D Boone. I was there and loved the spectacle of the cinema goers bopping around to the Minutemen.

In this issue we're talking to punkumentary makers who dived deep into the murky waters of local scenes, backroom gigs and, in one case the making of a Crass album...

Bullshit Detector: One Man's Bucket of Gold is Another Man's Crock of Shit

Dan, of experimental film collective Imperfect Cinema, gets passionate about his side project – a documentary about the Bullshit Detector compilation albums released by Crass in the early 1980s. These three records contained rough 'n' ready bedroom recordings which polarised the punk community, provoking either snorts of derision or gasps of amazement. And not much in between.

"Listening to Bullshit Detector was like going to an all-dayer with lots of different bands with different abilities," says Dan. "I must admit that it wasn't a record that I would play regularly, but the album did stay with me all these years."

Thirty years after the first Bullshit Detector's release, Dan thought it was time to catalogue this influential, but overlooked, album – to make what he describes as a snapshot of the DIY and punk activity at the time.

PUNK MOVIE-MAKING

The idea for a documentary came to Dan when he was working with Nick Bullen, who appeared on the third Bullshit Detector with Napalm Death.

"We were talking, and it was one of those times when you get the tapes out," he says. "The conversation went from Bullshit Detector to what we were doing with Imperfect Cinema. We were going to release a DVD of all the films that had been made through Imperfect Cinema. Bullshit Detector seemed to be really relevant to that."

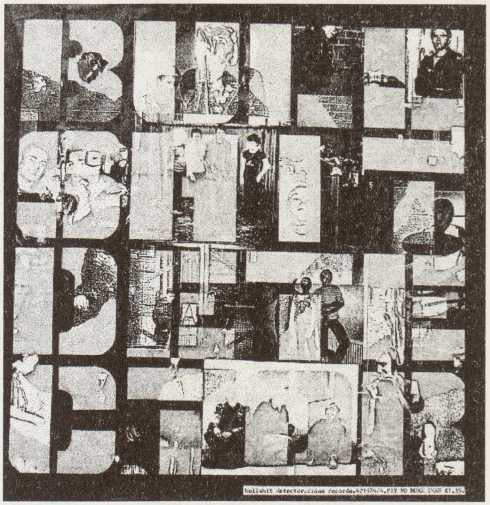
The Bullshit Detector documentary captured the imaginations of middle-aged punks just like it did to their teenage selves 30 years previously...

...And the project spiralled out of control. "The original thought was that it was going to be a five minute short film on the DVD," Dan explains. "I then set up a Facebook page and it really grew. I couldn't believe how many people offered help. The next thing was Chris "Stig" Miller of the Amebix came down to Plymouth to talk about Bullshit Detector and appear as part of the film.

"Because it grew so much and so quickly, we realised there was something more than our original plan. It became the same as the Bullshit Detector album – whatever we had at the time, we used."

Bullshit Detector the Movie has had two screenings to date – the first was last year at the Manchester Anarcho-punk Fair accompanied by a performance by original Bullshit Detector artist Andy T. The second was at Supersonic festival in Birmingham at which Crass drummer Penny Rimbaud was a panellist at a side event.

Unfortunately for the film-makers, the organisers of Supersonic billed it as a full-length feature, which meant Dan and Nick had to quickly shoot more footage to flesh it out further. Dan says he heard it went down well – he was locked away editing material from the workshop during the screening. "People liked it, even though it was a punk film in what was a predominantly metal audience," he says. "Napalm Death being on the third Bullshit Detector tied it in quite well though."



For the moment, Bullshit Detector the Movie remains work in progress; something for Dan and Nick to pick up and add to as new material comes along. Dan is pretty non-committal about its general direction – he says he's happy for it to develop a life of its own. "I want to leave a film that people can either look at or switch off – a bit like Bullshit Detector," he says.

Drunk, punk and holding a camera – behind the scenes at Oi Polloi the Movie

If Dan is happy for his project to grow organically, a project started by DIY film-maker Andreas – Oi Polloi the Movie – grew like Frankenstein's monster and engulfed its creator.

"I know something about editing, but this was a big project," he says. "I thought, 'Fuck, the movie's about four hours.' I divided it up into scenes. It was literally in thousands of clips. Then I went back to Sweden on tour with them – they played in Gothenburg and then in Finland and Estonia. I collected more material and finally I had to sit down and say I had all I needed and just stop."

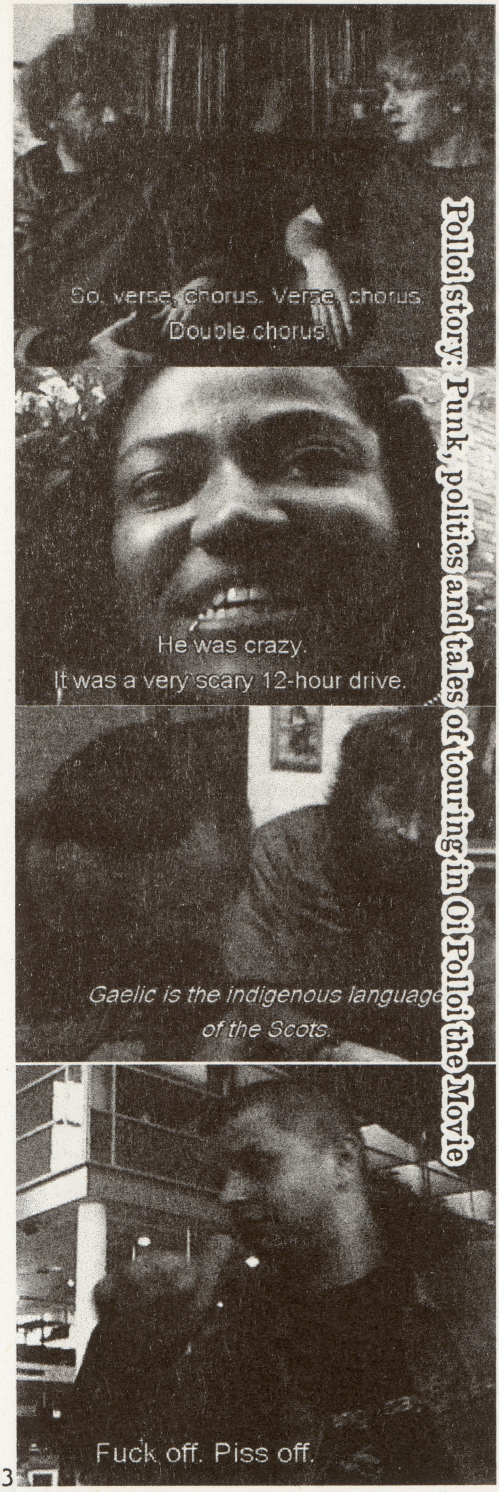
Andy discovered Oi Polloi when he played in a Swedish hardcore punk band in the mid 1990s. Let's face it, everyone likes Oi Polloi – in more than 25 years of watching them live, they haven't put on a bad show yet. Andy loved their aggressive streetcrust, which lyrically pogos between tabloid sloganeering and anarchic intellectualism. Bonza.

When, eight years later, Andy was working as a toilet cleaner on a cruiseliner, his thoughts turned to things he'd prefer to do. As they do when you're up to your elbows in puke and shit. He contacted Oi Polloi via Edinburgh Antifascist Action and after a couple of months heard from singer Deek that the project was on.

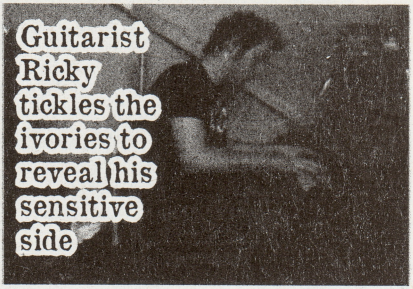
Andy's first shooting was in Edinburgh for Deek and Colin Douglas's joint 40th birthday. I was at that gig and it was fucking messy. The only way to get through that kind of session is to swill as much Buckfast as you can handle and mix it up at the front.

"I kind of knew what to expect, but it's different when you're in someone's hometown and everyone knows them – it was a big experience," Andy says. He stuck around Edinburgh for 10 days, staying in guitarist Ricky's flat, gathering film and interviews.

Andy returned to Edinburgh to capture Oi Polloi's recording of the groundbreaking Gaelic language crustpunk album, Ar Ceol, Ar Canan, Ar A-Mach.


So, verse, chorus. Verse, chorus.
Double chorus!
He was crazy.
It was a very scary 12-hour drive.
Gaelic is the indigenous language
of the Scots.
Fuck off. Piss off.
Polloi story: Punk, politics and tales of touring in Oi Polloi the Movie

PUNK MOVIE-MAKING



Guitarist Ricky tickles the ivories to reveal his sensitive side

And that's when Andy got his proper baptism of fire – when Oi Polloi invited him on a European tour...

In 1936, a young George Orwell turned up in Barcelona to write a magazine article about the Spanish Civil War. Immediately, he realised he wouldn't capture the mood unless he joined a militia to fight the fascists on the Aragon front, so he signed up and recounted his experiences in the book Homage to Catalonia; from the privations of trench warfare to the shock of being shot in the neck. In the same way, Andy's documentary is an authentic, involved account of gigging and touring with the band across Europe.

"It's really interesting to see all those places where they played," he says. "Many of them were occupied houses or industrial buildings. If I was a tourist I would never have seen them. The people were interesting too."

However, a tour with Oi Polloi is the meeting place between the steel toecap of wanton vagrancy and the exposed bulbous scrotum of Bacchanalian excess. As Andy was soon to discover. "That was quite rough," he admits. "They are very nice people, definitely – hospitable and everything. But being out there was fucking rough. I couldn't do it now – it was too much alcohol for me."

As a tourist and film-maker, Andy was subject to endless empty hours punctuated by ear-splitting sound-checks, which can only be alleviated by laying heavily into the band's rider while they're not about. And then there is the punishing effect of accumulated sleep deprivation.

"The band have things to do like sound-checking, selling merchandise and talking to people," Andy says. "But you spend many hours in a van and it's a small area – there were four band members, two drivers and me. And you can't really sleep in the van – there's wooden seats and all the gear."

Andy shudders when he recollects a visit to a small mountain village in the Czech Republic and a session on what he mistakenly believed to be apple schnapps. "I thought it was normal vodka, but it was 70%," he says. "I've seen the videos of myself and I was just wasted."

Andy admits the sleeplessness, excessive drinking and mileage got the better of him.

"They tour for 35 days – they are in that rhythm. You need to keep your energy up. I flew down to Budapest and I met them that evening. Just 10 days later we were in Spain. We did a lot of countries on the way ...Czech Republic, France, Italy... there was a gig in Spain and the next day I was in Barcelona and I flew home."

When putting it all in order ain't enough..

Following a few more hedonistic trips, Andy had accumulated a large quantity of material. "I knew something about editing, but this was a big project," he says.

"I edited it to 90%, but I wanted the cutting to be more professional." He hired the services of a video editor for a week, who he says wasn't into the band and his different perspective helped cut out out some of the film's unnecessary parts. A bit like this feature – I get the feeling it's going to go on forever.

Well done for hanging on in there – good luck with the second half. All I can say is you're either insomniac or constipated. Read on...

Punk is the international language of discontent. Which is fine. I'll listen to Finnish

hardcore or Welsh-language punk and enjoy the dissonant, dissident, discordant sounds every bit as much as if they were sung in a language I have a cat in hell's chance of ordering a fucking beer in.

But this punk Esperanto doesn't work too well on film, especially if there are Scots accents flying about the shop. As Andy was soon to find out.

"People from Croatia and Spain were asking me if I could put subtitles on it," he says. "But first I needed to get what people were saying. And I realised I myself didn't understand everything. So I checked around in Sweden for subtitling companies. I asked people who were working for the BBC on programmes like Top Gear. They were asking for E3,000 to E4,000."

But Andy found a small, cheap subtitling company in his hometown of Gothenberg who even provided a Scottish interpreter.

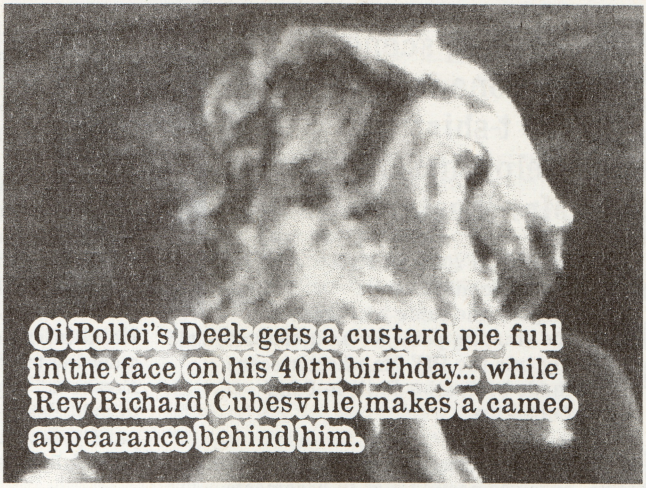
And then he took the movie to the pressing plant. This started a right shitstorm.

Andy discovered his anarchopunk documentary violated Sweden's protection of artists' right.

"The pressing plant refused to press it because I needed the artist's contractual agreement," Andy explains. "This included exactly who wrote the lyrics to each song."

Andy patiently explained the set-up with Oi Polloi – this punk band has kicked around since time began and contained more than 100 members, many of whom took part in writing the songs. "I told them I talked to the singer and he wasn't interested in royalties, me neither. They told me this wasn't a normal situation.

"So I told them it was an anarchopunk band. They asked me what anarchopunk was. I had to explain it to them slowly. In the end Deek sent them an email to say it was OK and finally it was pressed."



Oi Polloi's Deek gets a custard pie full in the face on his 40th birthday... while Rev Richard Cubesville makes a cameo appearance behind him.

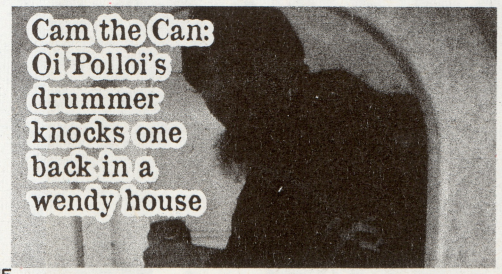
From toilet cleaner to punkumentary maker – what did Andy learn from the experience of making Oi Polloi the Movie?

"I thought it was going to be easy," he confesses, "going to Scotland, shooting film and editing it together in my room for two weeks. But it took seven years. The process and the people are far more complex.

"It's a great thing to have an ongoing project, but it's difficult to get it finished – I didn't know when or how to stop."

The movie ends with an airport scene shot in 2006, which Andy admits is three years before the film's most recent footage, but does give it a sense of closure.

"It's a historic jump, but it tells the story," he says. "Otherwise I could have gone on forever."



Cam the Can: Oi Polloi's drummer knocks one back in a wendy house

PUNK MOVIE-MAKING

Been it, scene it, done it, lost the t-shirt: Helpyourself Manchester

Just as in 2006, Oi Polloi waved goodbye at the airport, the same year was the starting point for an archaeological dig into the DIY Manchester scene made by Castles Built in Sand Collective.

The documentary relives a scene which revolved around gigs in basements, living rooms and small Manchester venues between 2002 and 2006. Just like sandcastles on the beach, the physical reminders of the DIY scene were washed away by waves of redevelopment. One venue is a pizza parlour, another is a block of flats. And the houses and basements have different tenants in now.

I caught up with the makers of Helpyourself Manchester at its showing in Slade Hall – a 16th Century mansion eccentrically located in inner-city Longsight and which hosted lots of DIY gigs over the years.

"We are a network of friends anyway and the idea came through our conversations," says co-producer Patrick Baxter. "There was a spark that there was something interesting happening in Levenshulme a few years back. We wanted to document it. Levenshulme became so important to us because of the paucity of gigs around the city centre at the time. We used basements and living rooms, but the Klondike Club too, which was a working man's club and sympathetic to DIY gigs."

As we talk, our conversation is punctuated by the sound of anarcho pop punks Holiday playing in the living room below. Despite the familiar setting of a DIY gig in Levenshulme, Helpyourself Manchester existed in a very different world a decade previously. "It was a time before Facebook," explains co-producer Huw Wahl, "so to publicise gigs we would go out into town and put flyers in all the record shops. There were more fanzines around too."

A chunk of the film is devoted to the making of a flyer in all its intricate, painstaking detail, which looks in this digitised age like they might as well have filmed someone operating the Spinning Jenny before driving home by pony and trap to spend the evening reading a fucking book about nationalising the steel industry. J'knowwhatImeanlike.

The producers of Helpyourself Manchester faced the opposite problem of Andy's Oi Polloi monster

This small group of people produced a very fertile DIY scene, ranging from folk to experimental noise. However, very little live band footage exists from the time. So they tell the story through animation, Super 8 film, lots of photographs and contemporary interviews.

They collated material from wherever they could find it – internet photographs, Youtube footage and different soundtracks – to give the film a wonderful cut and paste quality. "We took analogue photographs, sound recordings and whatever other material we had and edited them together on our laptops," says co-producer and animator Insa Langhorst. "It was like a labour of love." One scene, a live song by the Enablers, marries Super 8 footage with a soundtrack taken entirely separately on the same night. "It's very warm and it works," says Patrick. "Maybe not technically, but it works."

A house gig risks getting out of hand (left); HYM's Anthony reflects on punk (right); a loved venue becomes a pizza parlour (bottom left)

The film premiered was before an audience of 100 at the Klondyke Club, a venue featured in it, and it has also been shown in Germany.

But, I ask its makers, does it have much relevance to the world beyond the Helpyourself Manchester scene?

Sure, Patrick answers, the world has moved on, but this has made the story of a DIY scene all the more relevant...

Hold onto your hats folks, it's a rant deserving of this fanzine. Take a deep breath, I'm going to reprint it in full....

While you're reading it, just think of the effort I took to accurately type this rant out.

"I think there's a general conversation going on throughout Europe," he says. "In Manchester, there's a lot of property speculation and the city has been sold to students as a cool place to live where you had the Smiths and Happy Mondays, so they come and pay £600 a month on rent. Oxford Road is one long replication of the same brands. The city centre's going to exclude people doing something alternative. I don't think that means everything's gone to shit, but places like Levenshulme and Longsight will become more important because they're breathing space for people to organise. There is danger that there will be gentrification, but at the moment the city centre is a space that's not necessarily amenable to adversarial perspectives. It's marketed and sold. And the film is about communicating the possibilities of DIY with one another. Showing the film is a good opportunity to come together with people who don't have exactly the same perspective as us and discuss the opportunities to create something different in Manchester."

"So," I reply, "you're giving people the tools of the trade," and the room descends into relieved laughter.

And Patrick's protracted rant does sum up the importance of DIY film-making. DIY gigs make use of what's available at the time – whether that's a local pub, a front room or a rehearsal space. They come and go. As cities undergo waves of redevelopment and space is sold to regeneration companies (or builders), so our cultural output remains only as fading memories.

And what came out of talking to the three groups of film-makers is the love and commitment they put into their respective projects.

All three projects have straddled the advent of the internet, which has enabled us to have free access to a lot of material. But most of it is shite. It takes editing and dedication to create a persuasive piece of work. Making this fanzine is not like spewing words out on a blog. 10% of the work is writing, the rest is editing and collating.

But shifts in technology have given these film-makers the tools to create works that were beyond them a few years ago. And in punk spirit...

You've heard from the film-makers, now go and make your own movie.

Cut out and keep

Superhero costumes and fast political hardcore punk. To any nerdy punker these go together like beans and toast; anarchy and freedom; police and bastard; and the totally unpleasant rite of passage of drinking too much inexpensive supermarket cider and then being copiously unwell on public transport.

Dutch punk superheroes Landverraad combine comic book capers with political conviction, to deliver a live set of velocity, ferocity, sincerity and wit.

For those people who blinked and missed their daredevil live shows, do not fear. To create a superhero-and-fast-political-hardcore-punk show in your own room, simply follow the instructions below.

Step 1: Cut out the page opposite and glue it to a breakfast cereal packet or other recycled, biodegradable material.

Step 2: Cut round each figure using the dotted lines to guide you.

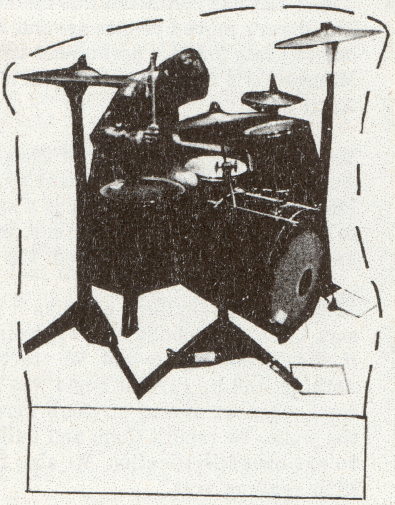
Step 3: Cut along the dotted lines on the bases of your figures to create flaps, which you can then fold over to make stands.

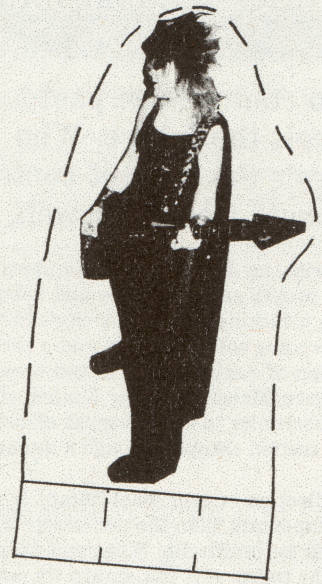
Step 4: Arrange the figures in gig-type poses.

Step 5: Now download Landverraad's music for free through landverraadwordpress.com.

Is it a bird? Is it a plane? No, it's a crazy superhero punk slamdiving off their sideboard to the fast and furious sounds of Landverraad.

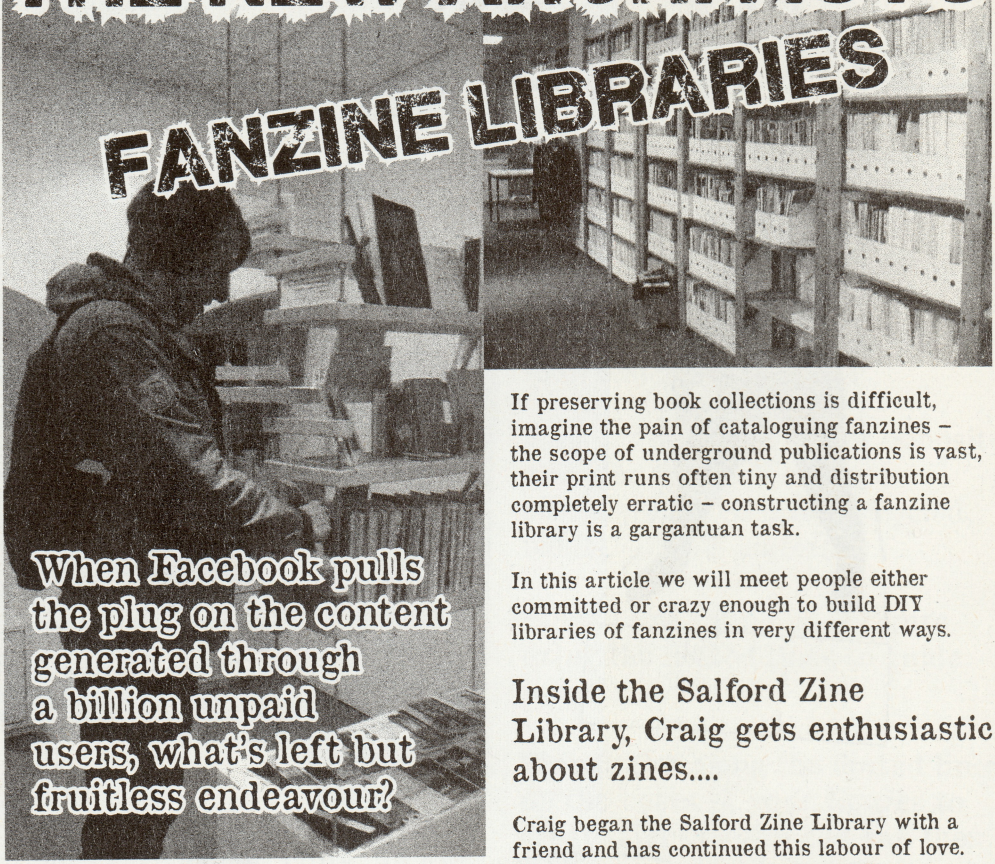
Action Figures





THE NEW ARCHIVISTS

FANZINE LIBRARIES



When Facebook pulls the plug on the content generated through a billion unpaid users, what's left but fruitless endeavour?

"Who controls the past controls the future. Who controls the present controls the past," George Orwell, 1984

As I write, my hometown of Manchester has no proper central library and nobody's batting a fucking eyelid. The city's library is undergoing refurbishment and a skeleton collection of books resides in two rooms on Deansgate. Manchester City Council slyly used the opportunity to sell off much of the non-fiction section cheaply through a quango.

The collection in your local library is so much more important than the non-existent books you paid for on Kindle. When you drop that down the toilet, will you mourn its passing?

If preserving book collections is difficult, imagine the pain of cataloguing fanzines – the scope of underground publications is vast, their print runs often tiny and distribution completely erratic – constructing a fanzine library is a gargantuan task.

In this article we will meet people either committed or crazy enough to build DIY libraries of fanzines in very different ways.

Inside the Salford Zine Library, Craig gets enthusiastic about zines....

Craig began the Salford Zine Library with a friend and has continued this labour of love. The library moved venues around Salford before Craig found a permanent home in Manchester's fashionable Northern Quarter in April 2012.

You can find it at the back of the subterranean Nexus Cafe on Dale Street next to the Walking Man comic shop. The library is a small chapel to the alternative press – serene, well-stocked and immaculately maintained. Pay it a visit.

"There wasn't anything else like it going on," says Craig. "If nobody else was going to do it, then I thought I would. We started it from nothing, and its current home was a complete mess when we moved in; there were holes in the walls. We rebuilt them and built shelving to our own specification. We also put in a little reading area."

DIY fanzines take over the world today ... and tomorrow the universe

The collection has jaw-dropping diversity with publications of all sorts, on all topics from all over the world.
A combination of Crowd Funding and grants paid to rebuild the room inside Nexus Cafe. Some good press in publications such as Design Week kick-started the collection, as did a DIY film on the library made as part of as exhibition at the Salford Museum, which has racked up more than 8,000 hits so far. "It's got to the point that I don't have to advertise it," says Craig.

Craig has bags of enthusiasm and pores over the shelves. "It's not just about music," he says, "it's about whatever the writer feels." He picks up an Indian photozine called Zerox Wallah and explains he met a young woman reading it in the library. When he commented on the zine, she confessed she was its author – she had been working in London and hopped on the train especially to visit.

Because Craig uses his home address for submissions, he says he has also answered his door to Brazilian zinesters looking for the library. "It's truly an international project," he says. "Zine writers want to share their work globally and in a printed form. It's important – print is tangible, it can be a piece of art."

From anarchy to astronomy, volcanoes to Viz

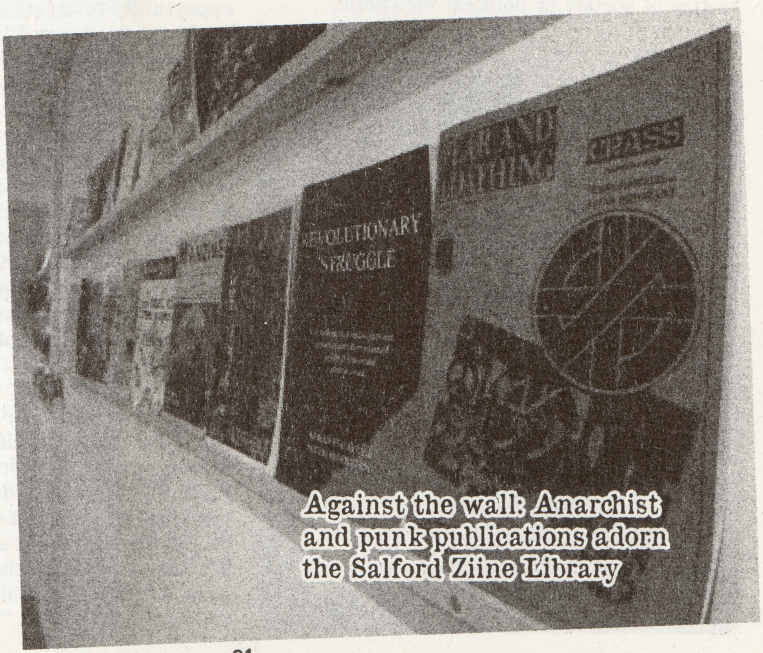
The boom of DIY print in the 1960s became an important tool of anarchist groups like the French Situationalists and has resulted in a lasting relationship between anarchism and print. Consequently, publications such as the black and red Revolutionary Struggle adorn the library's shelves.

However, the collection also contains a sizeable section of DIY sci-fi publications dating back to the 1930s – a near-extinct genre due to the advent of the internet and sci-fi enthusiasts' intimate love of computers. "You won't find zines in your local library," says Craig. "The British Library collects them, but they won't have everything by any means."

Just like DIY bands, some are there by choice while others are waiting for their big break: "Viz and Private Eye started out as fanzines, as did When Saturday Comes," Craig says. "They grew to become more commercial. But some people see their fanzine as never being a commercial thing – people see fanzines in many different ways."

He hands me a fanzine dedicated to volcanoes and explains its 26-year-old author has made volcano fanzines since she was six. "She claims that she wasn't able to maintain the same standard of her first issue."

Craig flicks through a well-designed booklet printed on a quality, heavy paper. "It's



Against the wall: Anarchist and punk publications adorn the Salford Ziine Library

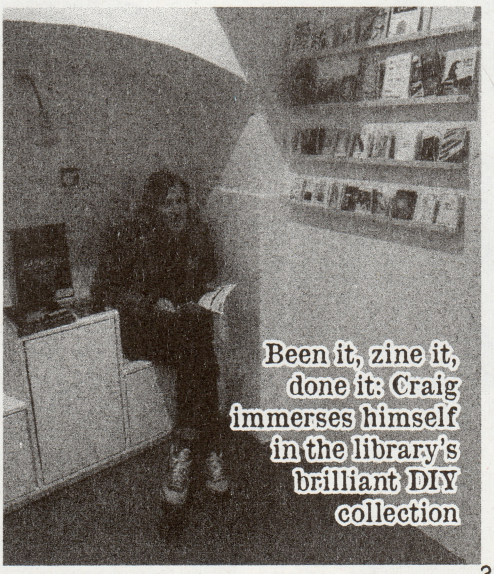
FANZINE LIBRARIES

a feminist zine," he muses, "a guide to menstruation, called Cycle. The author is an illustrator and she's made this one herself – it's even got an ISBN number."

As we reflect on on the powerful statements of Riot Grrrl and queerzines, I broach the subject of the library's cataloguing system. "We've none at the moment," he confesses. "That's the next part of the project. Now we've built the library, it's housed, it's safe and it's looked after, the next part is to raise some money to put the archive online." The task of transferring the collection to digital form would be too daunting for the resources available to the library, so it would consist of a front cover with link to any PDFd version if it exists.

So who uses the library? Geeks? Art bums? Dangerous loners? Straight people, even?

"Anyone really. A lot of people from creative communities, musicians, people with an alternative view point, people who like crafts. And a lot of people stumble across it. It is quite broad, which is great. It's not for one section of society or political viewpoint."



Been it, zine it, done it: Craig immerses himself in the library's brilliant DIY collection

Craig says he wants to challenge fanzine stereotypes to turn the library into a local community project. "I go into schools where they do understand what self publishing is – there's hardly anyone under the age of 30 who isn't familiar with it."

Salford Zine Library also gained the attention of DIY craft stalwart – Blue Peter. "I got an email from them, asking questions about zine making," Craig says. "They had seen the film online, where we had actually spoofed Blue Peter, saying: 'Here's one I made earlier'."

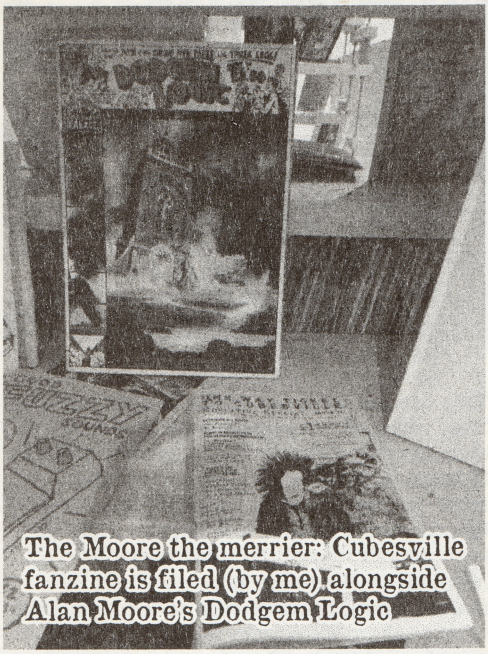
The key to the Salford Zine Library is to maintain as broad a collection as possible, Craig says. "It's about freedom of speech and doing what you want. I just hope no-one puts anything in the library that's going to get us arrested."

Punks is (online) Hippies

Is the printed fanzine an alternative to the internet? The jury's out. For the people behind Punks is Hippies – a blogsite devoted to uploading whole fanzines – the internet is an opportunity to create an electronic archive. Archivist Sned says PiH developed from his own compulsive collection of punkzines.

"I'm old and have been involved in zines since the early 1980s," he says. "Like many punk rockers, I moved around a lot, but unlike many of them, I kept all my zines even though it became increasingly annoying to lug them round from house to house. I'm glad I did though; through the 1990s a lot of my friends and peers were chucking out their zines when having clearouts and this seemed like madness! If everyone did this, zines would just disappear."

Sned put a call-out for unwanted zines and based the original collection in the basement of that bastion of alternative culture, the 1in12 Club in Bradford. Having given the collection a rudimentary cataloguing system, he scratched his head about what to do with it. While he toyed with the idea of a coffee table book, a friend asked his help to scan some old zines from the 1980s. "That's what started



The Moore the merrier: Cubesville fanzine is filed (by me) alongside Alan Moore's Dodgem Logic

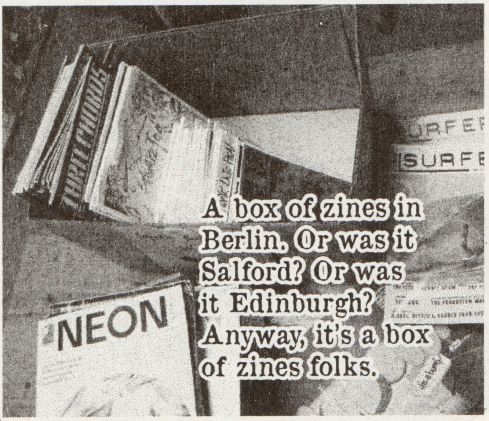
me off with the archive," he says. "I don't really care if people care about it or not; I'm keeping this stuff for me as much as anything, and if my house burns down I will have not lost all the zines as a fair chunk of them have been circulated/uploaded into the ether. Other people caring about the stuff is a bonus, that's all."

When Sned came across blogsite Punks is Hippies, it was a match made in fanzine heaven. Despite being just five years old, Punks is Hippies is itself something of a museum piece; conceived the Myspace explosion and pre-dating the rise of Facebook. During the heady days of the MP3 blogspot boom in 2006, when bloggers were uploading rare music like it had gone out of fashion (errr, it was never in fashion), a group of bloggers developed the PiH idea, despite never having physically met. Co-founder Tony of More Noize zine explains: "The idea was never to simply focus on old zines from the 1980s, but also on newer ones, as the archive was definitely thought of as one that would serve the DIY scene. With the ease of distribution via the internet, both new zines and old ones would benefit from a potentially greater number of readers. Since most people at the time seemed to think that fanzines had disappeared, the archive would remind people of why fanzines were (are) great and perhaps encourage them to start reading and publishing zines again."

Considering the punk credentials of its founders, it isn't too surprising to see that Punks is Hippies is a collection of mostly punk zines. "Personally, I have always been equally interested in DIY punk and hardcore music as I am in the histories of the DIY punk and hardcore bands," says Tony. "To read fanzine interviews with bands like Totalitär, Anti-Cimex, Wretched or Confuse is just as important as holding the records in your hand and seeing the artwork, reading the lyrics and listening to the music, you know?"

"Punk is so much more than just music, and fanzines are just as important as records," Tony, More Noize.

PiH first posted a scanned fanzine in September 2007; more than 700 posts have followed. The archive's heyday was between 2008 and 2010 when it averaged an annual 120 to 190 posts. Most of the archive's scans come from zine writers themselves, Tony explains. "When it comes to scanning a zine, it's actually not as time-consuming as you may expect," he says. "A typical fanzine of 30 pages or so may take you five to 10 minutes to scan and upload. It gets quicker the more you do as well. It's really easy. Just press scan, turn the page, press scan again and off you go! That said, I have two boxes of zines at home that are waiting to be scanned, and needless to say I am too lazy to scan them!"



A box of zines in Berlin. Or was it Salford? Or was it Edinburgh? Anyway, it's a box of zines folks.

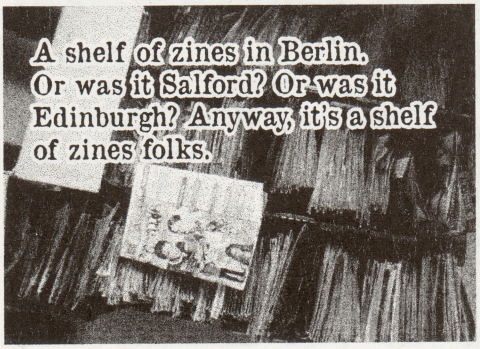
FANZINE LIBRARIES

Filesharing: The realities of (cyber) war

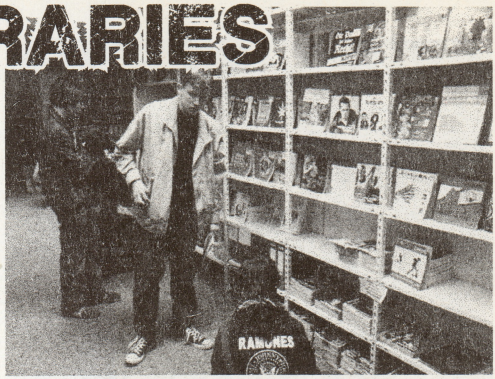
The MP3 blogsite community relied on the filesharing services of Rapidshare, Mediafire, Megaupload and the likes. However, in early 2012, the earth rocked when the US authorities successfully closed Megaupload due to alleged copyright infringment and its founder, Kim Dotcom, sought sanctuary in New Zealand. File sharers such as Badongo have bowed out and bloggers have been exasperated by Mediafire randomly deleting whole archives of uploaded material with no explanation. Does this uncertainty worry the PiH bloggers, who rely greatly on Mediafire?

"Yes, very much so," says Tony. "When fasthost servers such as Rapidshare and Megaupload got raided, a lot of stuff on the archive probably got deleted as well. I have no idea the scale of the problem, but I would not be surprised if as much as 75% of the archive is deleted. I try not to think about it, but I get emails with requests to repost zines daily."

Having found the first two copies of Cubesville in the archive, when I didn't possess them myself, I fully appreciate the value of PiH. Sned admits to a cautious approach to maintaining his archive. "I have everything backed up, so I could take the files somewhere else. Ideally, I suppose I would just 'own' some cyberspace to put me stuff up and no one could evict me from it. No one has ever complained (about copyright) or owt, and if a zine editor didn't want their stuff shared, I would take it down."



A shelf of zines in Berlin. Or was it Salford? Or was it Edinburgh? Anyway, it's a shelf of zines folks.



Tony has begun to use online magazine reader Issu, which allows people to sneakily read them at work. "The statistics element of Issu is quite cool, and checking the stats really made me realise how popular the archive was," he says. "Some of the more popular zines had been viewed several thousand times." Mentions in Maximum RocknRoll and mainstream magazines such as Vice and Mojo boosted the site's popularity. However, Tony says the archive is going through a lull while its curators get on with their own projects. "I'll be brutal: I've lost almost all interest in maintaining the online zine archive," he says.

"On the one hand, I am more interested in contributing new stuff to the DIY scene by doing my own zine or writing for other zines, and this does take up all my spare time really. On the other, it feels like the battle for a free and DIY punk-friendly internet has been lost, at least in the short term, what with Facebook having become the central place for all types of meetings on the internet."

With the discrepancy between printed fanzines and online forms of communication, isn't PiH something of a contradiction? "I don't think the internet is able to offer the best platform for a large scale fanzine archive," Tony says. "The best platform is still a physical library or a real archive, ideally hosted by a real DIY punk space (as opposed to some university or museum). I'd encourage DIY zine archives to print scanned zines from the internet, as well as collect PDFs of scanned zines on computers for people to read."

Berlin is one of the world's coolest cities, so naturally has a fanzine archive.

One archive that aims to produce a permanent physical record of underground culture is the Archiv der Jugendkulturen in Berlin. The museum hosts an eclectic collection of youth culture paraphernalia, including one of Europe's biggest fanzine libraries of 12,000 in a broader collection of 40,000 magazines and fanzines. Although it suffers from underfunding compared to other parts of the museum, Daniel Schneider, who holds the impressive job title of Kulturwissenschaftler, says the fanzine collection was one of the main reasons for the museum's foundation in 1997 – to house one of the founders' personal collection. Like all the libraries in this feature, even the Germans haven't developed a cataloguing system for their collection and instead rely on long Exel lists.

Daniel says most of the interest for the collection comes from professionals and academics. "Mostly they're students, who write their theses about a youth cultural topic," he says, "and some journalists, humanities scholars, social workers and teachers. We also have groups of pupils visiting the archive with their teachers, but most of the time they aren't interested in fanzines. Only few people visit the archive because they are interested in zines and who just want to read some."

The zine library might occupy a neglected corner of Archiv der Jugendkulturen, but it is an important record of underground culture. In the same way, this article isn't the most exciting in this fanzine, but I reckon it is important.

Kulturwissenschaftler Daniel kicks back with some of his favourite zines in the Archiv der Jugendkulturen. As you do.

The big fuck off elephant in the room is the Edinburgh Fanzine Archive

I first came across the archive when Simon, a friend of the archive's mysterious and elusive curator Alan, emailed me to order a copy of Cubesville. Alan lives without the internet and doesn't have a telephone in the house. I sent Alan some questions through, and asked Simon to mention that I was writing this feature the next time Alan called him from the local payphone. Alan has yet to get in touch, although after a conversation with a fellow fanzine writer who actually met him, I could be waiting for some time.

All we have is an interview conducted by Robots and Electric Brains fanzine in December 2001. At the time, Alan estimated the achive contained between 3,000 and 5,000 publications, which he obtained from fanzine writers and from buying other people's collections. We'll leave this article with an edited extract of Alan's loquacious description of the archive. Let this serve as a warning to anyone with a cluttered room...

"The archive is kept in my bedroom and I'm in a room to which one side of the room has got shelving up to the ceiling and the majority of my fanzines are in magazine boxes, the ones that you see in libraries that you self-assemble. And I've got shelving from generally three feet from the floor up to the ceiling and I've got shelving either side of the fireplace and the shelving on one side holds six shelves and to each shelf there's six boxes. On the other side I've had new shelving put up higher so at this time I've got seven shelves and they are longer than the other side, they would be holding 15 boxes to a shelf. Now, that entails from 1988 up to 1997. Prior to 1988, that's what I've read, that's in three stackable plastic boxes and I'm cataloguing and checking what I've got after 1997 up to the present day. For some years I'll buy a lot and other years a little. For example, for January-December 1990 I bought 10 boxes worth. For 1991 I bought 20. Correction. For 1991 I bought four and for 1992 I bought 15. I'm hoping to have tables underneath where people can come and consult them. At the moment the shelves have got other things on them but that will be moved off."

MIKE WATT

Mike Watt has the Minutemen and Firehose behind him, and a Stooges tour ahead. His latest collaboration is rooted firmly in the present.

Photo by Ricky Adam

I catch up with Mike Watt before his latest project, a hyper-ecclectic three-piece Il Sogno Del Marinaio, deliver a spellbinding set at the Hebden Bridge Trades Club – a little gem of a venue, for those of you who haven't had the pleasure, nestling in the Pennines. Great place to see this groovy show.

The man known as the former Minutemen and Firehose bass player has talked quite a bit in recent interviews about middle age, and to my eyes Mike seems pretty comfortable standing at that wide crossroads between youth and old age. He's shrugged off the comfortable trappings of getting older, with at least four bands on the go and is constantly gigging and recording.

When the Il Sogno Del Marinaio tour's over, Mike's spending the rest of the year in his role of bass player for the Stooges, with an imminent trip to Australia. Now 55, Mike seems as determined to live in the moment as he did more than 30 years previously when he played in the Minutemen helped to forge their incomparable sound.

"Sure, I'm not in spring, but hopefully this isn't winter for me," he says. "I'm in autumn – time for some colour changes."

Play for today...

The latest venture is a team-up between Mike and two younger Italian musicians to stir a deep, bubbling musical cauldron into which they throw everything from Ennio Morricone to African jazz, post-rock to p-funk, sometimes delivering pearls of wisdom, sometimes nonsensical Ubu-esque grunts, from rapturous crescendos to lulls so low that you can hear the audience breathe. Guitar strings moan at the touch of a bow, gongs ring out from behind the drumkit and all the while Mike Watt plays his heart out from

a position upstage, content to let his bandmates take the limelight.

With him are avant guard rockers Stefano Pilia (guitar) and Angela Bulloch (drums). Although both have impressive portfolios of experimental performance and recording, neither yet have Mike Watt's achievements behind them. I ask Mike if he was tempted to team up with an all-star cast in some kind of avant guard supergroup.

"As the bassist, you're kind of like the mama of the band. In a way you fit it together and bring it together. Without something to stick to you're just a puddle.

"These guys are probably one of the most collaborative things I've been involved with," he tells me. "I'm the one that people kind of know of and so in a way it can't be a fresh band. But actually we are. I think once we get the gig going tonight people will understand it's not just Mike Watt playing his greatest hits. We're not trying to sell Mike Watt's days of wine and roses – we're really trying to find a voice for the band.

Although Stefano and Angela are at least 20 years Mike's juniors, the band revels in a collective, collaborative spirit. Angelo explains: "I discovered DIY later, in the 1990s, so I come from a different point. But this is a dialogue between different generations. Especially for Mike, who's totally open minded about what can happen in a band. It's a cool opportunity for the three of us."

Mike's comfortable letting things develop organically instead of trying to fit the music around big talent and bigger egos.

He explains: "The, not literati but for music – musicarati, rockarati, jivearati – they ask me: 'You could play music with names, why do you pick these people?' It's not Machiavellian, but I like people. Some of these other people can be difficult. They might have been born with great talent but god-damn, bellyachers. That's one thing about coming from making your own scene – you ain't got a lot of patience.

"I like the people part. I almost have this philosophy that if you practice enough you can get it. You don't have to have these prodigies. Some things are developed and nurtured. As the bassist, you're kind of like the mama of the band. In a way you fit it together and bring it together. Without something to stick to you're just a puddle.

"I'm still backing up my own band. You look good by making your guys look good. These are good politics – I like that."

MIKE WATT

When Missingmen took centre stage...

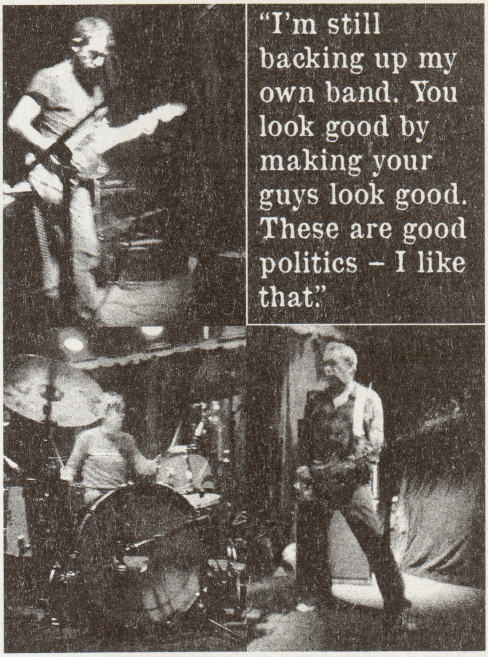
The Il Sogno line-up came together after Stefano tour managed another of Mike's projects – the Missingmen. Stefano roped his collaborator Angela and the three locked themselves away in a farmhouse in Bologne, northern Italy, for five days to practice for the tour. After three gigs, the band took a couple of days to record an album, La Busta Gialla, which was unreleased when we met. Mike says the band wanted to sit on the album until they'd toured with it.

Mike's previous project, the Missingmen, released an album in 2010, Hyphenated Man, and played further up the valley to the Bolton Brow Working Mens' Club, Sowerby Bridge – which in rock terms makes tonight's Hebden Bridge Trades Club look like the Manchester Arena.

Like with Il Sogno, Mike teamed up with two other musicians in a "power trio" – guitarist Tom Watson and drummer Raul Morales. Tom actually played with the Minutemen as well as Toxic Shock and the divine, Magazine-esque Slovenly.

Raul came from the prolific San Pedro 1990s punk scene that rose behind the turbulent wave that Mike and Tom first rode in on.

Watt maketh the men: Mike (right) with George Hurley (left) and the incorrigible D Boon (middle)



"I'm still backing up my own band. You look good by making your guys look good. These are good politics – I like that."

What turned a Christmas film into an album...

Hyphenated Man is 30 short bursts of imaginative, quirky punk, which works as a biographical account of Mike's middle age; a time when he contemplates what makes the man. "At Christmas they're always showing the Wizard of Oz," he explains. "I thought of the three farmhands in the film and I'm thinking: 'This story's really about what guys do to be guys. This is about what middle age is about – there are parts of you that are lost and this is a huge crisis for people. These are things we wouldn't have thought about in the Minutemen."

Does Mike subscribe to the philosophy that we are the sum total of how other people see us? "You'd have to talk to Stefano about that," he says, "he's into all this deep philosophical stuff."

But Hyphenated Man's truism is that we can be many things at once – we're defined by the job we do, the music we like, the way we behave. The hyphen joins these together, to their poetical and political results – the downtrodden stuffed-in-the-drum-man,

the condemnation of finger-pointing-man, and fryingpan-man sweating out an earthly existence like something out of Dante's Inferno. All in two or three lines each. Majestic. "I was a meter man, in my 20s," Mike says. "I wrote a poem about it – I didn't give a damn about the meter man until I had to read the meter, man.

> "Iggy's so pragmatic about it, working a gig. It might be your last so you don't go half way, you don't sleepwalk it, you don't conceptualise – you play your hardest. D Boon was like that too."

"You're not supposed to put those things together. There's supposed to be something wrong in 'he's working for the weekend'. But in life you inhale, you exhale – one thing does not always fit. If you're the boss of a company, you can't always know everything."

What turned art and literature into an album...

The album's influences came from art and literature, Mike explains, rather than from other musicians.

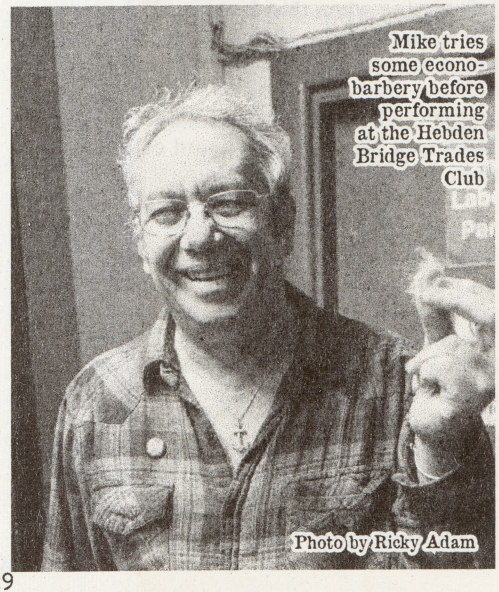
"I like using painters and writers because in music it gets very scary – you're ripping their riffs off and their chords. I have respect for people you know." He reverently cites musicians like Creedence Clearwater Revival's John Fogety who developed the sound of blues guitarist Robert Johnson (Johnson is the guitarist written in legend for learning to play the blues at a meeting with the devil at a crossroads). "But these other influences," says Mike, "help you to make interpretations in your music."

Mike says he wrote the album using the Telecaster once owned by the Minutemen's D Boon, who died in a van crash in 1985. "There was a theme of old and new," he says, "which was one we used in the Minutemen." He adds that working with Tom and Raul helped him through his sense of loss about his Minutemen days. "These two guys made me listen again. In about 2005 I thought, 'Man I want to do this thing again!'"

And having set out what for Mike were epic songs of more than a previously unthinkable seven minutes in previous albums, like the brilliant Secondman's Middle Stand, which recounts a near-death experience, for Hyphenated Man Mike went back to econo Minutemen basics. "I wanted to use the little stuff that I used for the Minutemen, but not to rip off D Boon or George (Hurley, drummer) and not to retreat into sentimental 'happy days' stuff. So I sung about middle age stuff."

To keep the band on its toes, Mike says he didn't let Tom or Raul hear his bass or vocal parts

"I didn't want it to be like the Minutemen," he says. "I made them memorise it on the boat." Pere Ubu bassist Tony Maimone recorded the guitar and drum parts at his Studio G Brooklyn partway through the Missingmen's tour. Mike returned the following year to record his bass and vocal parts. Consequently, the album weaves



Mike tries some econo-barbery before performing at the Hebden Bridge Trades Club

Photo by Ricky Adam

MIKE WATT

between harmony and gentle discord, sounding fresh and full of surprises throughout.

"There are some things you can do on an album that you can't do at gigs, so why not exploit that?" Mike asks. "I wanted it to be all in the middle. In the perfect world, all 30 parts would be played on a reel all at the same time. But: 1) It would be very hard to play live, and 2) It would be pretty short."

Although tonight Mike is totally committed to Il Sogno, he is still up for playing with the Missingmen, especially when he hears the dejected tone in my voice when I tell him I missed him at Sowerby Bridge. "I guess by 2014 I'll get to play it again," he says. "I didn't get to play it in a lot of places. But we really know it now and when we did play it we really blew some clams."

For the remainder of 2013, he takes up his job as bass player with the Stooges. How does he feel crossing over from the elder statesman of Il Sogno to the Stooges' young whipper-snapper? "That was very interesting when that happened," he says. "They're from the 1960s, when I was only a boy. They showed me a whole new world."

But if the Stooges hold the same awe for Mike as a big brother's record collection, their appeal remains contemporary.

"Here's the difference," he says, "there's a legacy of music – they're not really playing for guys of their age. There are a lot of younger people interested in their music. Without the Stooges there wouldn't have been a punk scene. In my role, I have to do justice to a legacy."

Mike found Stooges frontman Iggy Pop a good teacher too. "You go out there and you work that gig. Iggy's so pragmatic about it, working a gig. It might be your last so

Just like Mike Watt, we here at Cubesville quite literally jam econo
MIKE WATT
strawberry jam
one way ticket to
Cubesville

you don't go half way, you don't sleepwalk it, you don't conceptualise – you play your hardest. D Boon was like that too.

"Gigs are about the moment – the whole punk thing was about the moment. But there's something about leaving things behind too."

With an album and tour with Il Sogno underway, another tour with the Stooges, a fourth album for Dos – his two-piece collaboration with his ex-wife, Kira Roessler (formerly of Black Flag) – and thoughts of another outing for the Missingmen, Mike's crammed diary reads like that of a teenager.

"One of the problems about getting older is thinking that you know it all and have seen it all," he ruminates. "Someone said: There's nothing new, but you."

And teaming up with Stefano and Angela in Il Sogno has kept the twinkle in his eye.

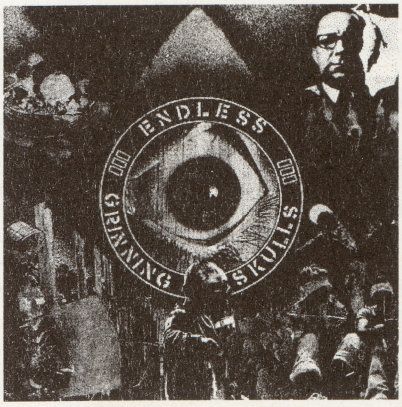
"I'm really happy doing this – it's not an indulgent mid-life whim," he says. "I can't have what I had with D Boon, I can't have that again. That doesn't mean I can't chase this thing down. I don't want just to connect dots and sleepwalk, I want to be conscious. I want to be in the glass box. Of course I don't get my way, but I don't want to get my way. We've got so many controls in life – so many cops. We get rid of them in this band. The dynamic I really embrace – these guys really help me. Tom and Raul have too – I'm really lucky."

REVIEWS

VINYL

Domestics – The GDP EP 7"
I was so pleased to see the Domestics' live show match up to this vinyl. Singer James describes them as Black Flag meets Discharge, but if I throw in Ripcord's second album, punk trainspotters will know what I mean. The Domestics bash out angry and angular punk over an anvil of 21st Century anarchist ire. The lyrics deal with the frustration born of grinding out an ungratifying and unprofitable existence in modern times. But at least we have records like this to cheer us up.
Thedomesticspunk@hotmail.com

Endless Grinning Skulls – Fear, Ignorance, Control 7" (Viral Age Records)
A most worthy addition to the fierce-brutal-slab-of-angry-fucking-punk section of your 7" singles collection. EGS have captured the anarchopunk spirit with meticulous attention to detail – from the monotone anarchopunk collages and scrawled-out lyrics to the etched messages on the vinyl. But the record's heavyweight vinyl also betrays a heavy 21st Century crust release.



For those not yet fortunate enough to have witnessed their bludgeoning live shows, EGS meld Nordic brutality to Japanese chaotic hardcore, stamp hard on the pedal and plough straight into the audience's cherub faces. Totally unsurprisingly, Fear, Ignorance, Control is fierce and uncompromising. Bullshit Defender socks it to the EDL, Catholic Blues sticks it to the church and Bitter Flesh and Grovel both slam social conformity.
We asked bassist Gords to tell us three things that made him angry. Gords said:
1. Neo-liberal Capitalism
2. The use of Public Relations/ lobby groups/ think tanks by governments to disguise their corporate interests, and
3. Religious fundamentalism.
Then we asked Gords what three records would we find in the fierce-brutal-slab-of-angry-fucking-punk section of his 7" singles collection. Gords said:
Easy question – first three Discharge records.

Fag Enablerz – In the Problem Pit 7"
If like me you're still mourning the demise of the Shitty Limits, these Dublin quirksters will soothe your pain. I was fortunate enough to catch their erratic, jangly set at Means to an End, where they'd added the boundless energy of singer Lisa. Cool. My World is frenzied garagepunk which trips off in all directions (ok, all four songs are frenzied garagepunk played by punks with musical ADT). And Irony is a brilliant vignette of 21st Century Dublin life – buying a car to drive to work, and then going crazy sitting in traffic getting to the job you hate. The cover art is endearingly erratic too and I'm looking forward to their getting a 12" together, as it will be 12 sevenths of the the size of this little belter.
http://fagenablerz.bandcamp.com/

Landverraad – No Love for a Nation 7"
If fast political hardcore doesn't float your boat, if punks dressed as superheroes doesn't float your boat, then you are totally sunk. No Love for a Nation is a heartfelt, impassioned and raging follow-up to Landverraad's brilliant split CD with Sloth. Extensive sleevenotes expand on their already expansive lyrics. Favourites are Extinct Animals – a tongue-twisting list of extinct animals, and I love Mum – a trans-generational resolve to make a better world.
landverraad@riseup.net

Queer'd Science – Wrench/Year of Birds – Jaw split LP
I had to stamp on peoples' hands to get a copy of this, and I laughed in their faces as I did so. The mighty QS build on their jaw-droppingly good live set with a home-trashingly good vinyl début. Agit disco or angry postpunk – whatever description best fits their sound – their stripped-down, cranked-up tunes guarantee breakages and minor structural damage in any discerning household. Wrench leaves you staggering away from a plane crash of fretful drumming, effects-raddled guitar and

REVIEWS

shrieked vocals dazed, confused and glad to still be alive. YoB scoop out the mud at the bottom of the garagepunk pond and gleefully chuck it in your face. Their disjointed quirkabilly outbursts barely break the minute barrier, in equal measures of madness and melody.
Contact QS: queerdscience@gmail.com
And hear their stuff: queerdscience.bandcamp.com/
And YoB: yearofbirds.bandcamp.com/

CD

Bitches – Buster EP
Bitches' scuzzed-out guitar and endearing vocal harmony, are enough to melt your fuckin heart. This male/female two-piece from London daintily walk the tightrope between indypunk and chaotic noise. Kill Birds Eat Shit hangs on by a thread while Blake's cranked-up guitar and Stacy's helter-skelter drumming provide a backdrop for a seriously catchy chorus and some wild thrashings in between. All Dogs go to Heaven 2 has the heavy discordant riffing of classic Black Flag combined with...errrm... seriously catchy chorus/wild thrashings. You get the picture? Good. So we asked Stacey three things she likes about dogs. She said:
1. They make great faces (Stacey cited Denver the guilty dog as her "number one example")
2. Most dogs like footballs
3. Black Labradors bring good luck

Then we asked Stacey three things that made her happy this week. And Stacey said:
1. Threw snowballs from the roof
2. Made/ate a great cheesecake
3. Went on a bike ride

Blacklight Mutants – Trashtown EP
For a third time, these Cubesville favourites (see post apocalyptic interview, #12) have come up trumps. Wearing influences of Amebix to Hawkwind on their tattered sleeves, BLM revel in their outsider status – hardly your typical crust band and oddly occupying the margins of their own local Manchester punk scene. But just as Cress in the 1990s took their own slant on anarchocrustpunk from the frustration and abject misery found along the boarded up streets of Leigh, BLM use derelict redbrick shantytown Ashton-under-Lyne to shape their socio-political standpoint. Trashtown injects a heavy UK83 influence (think Anti System, Antisect, Riot Squad) to kick out the rotten jams of 21st Century broken Britain. Provincial Towns is angry, Domino is threatening, Alienation is disaffected and Joey Mutant's cover artwork is post-apocalyptic.
Contact: mail@blacklightmutants.co.uk.

Damn Broads – Loud Fast and Dark
With more snot than a schoolboy's sleeve in a flu epidemic, Connecticut punks Damn Broads get in your face with 11 songs of mid tempo streetpunk yelled so loud you'll have the neighbours fleeing in sheer terror. With the same uncompromising two-finger attitude of, say the Vandals, Damn Broads stick it to Christian fundamentalists, work, the US nazi state and Girl Bands, which is quite a statement of intent for four punk girls. Play loud till your ears ring with to Damn Broads' revolting punk tunes.

Wonk Unit – Muffy CD
Is Wonk Unit an actual band, or a vehicle for Alex Johnson's beautifully off-the-wall poetry? Muffy drags together influences from everywhere – from dancehall ska to indypunk – to craft songs of awe-inspiring absurdity and heartbreaking pathos. Favourite tracks include Stigmata, in which he watches his grey-haired father crying at his computer and decides crying's ok cos Rambo cried in First Blood. Horses has the childlike nonsense of Edward Lear set to jangly punk, and You Married a Totrured Genius is a love song

with the twisted perspective of the early Beatles singles. Wonk Unit romp through Muffy with the character and catchiness of the Television Personalities, but without the debilitating addiction.

CDR

Amorous Dialogues s/t EP
Frantic and fresh, these were one of my favourites when they played the 1in12 Equalfest. AD launch into a delirious, diabolic three songs with the frenetic Introspection, which hangs onto coherence by its very fingernails. Total Fucking Disastro takes a few discordant moments to draw breath before doing the same. Spot on.
You can download it for free: amorousdialogues.bandcamp.com/
And tell them how happy they made you: sisbon@gmail.com

Holiday – s/t EP
The gruff pop-punk of Jawbreaker meets the political conviction and poetry of early Billy Bragg (admittedly substituting socialism for anarchy). Holiday have freshened up an already fragrant Manchester DIY scene, singing happy songs about sad subjects.
Check the lyric to They Said we could have Everything in the Argos Catalogue: "This is not where the headlines are made/This is where bodies decay.../From our broken red-brick castles/We hang tattered flags/And thank our leaders for their benevolence."
download from: http://holiday.bandcamp.com/

Speed Dinosaurs - ...Outrun the Meteor Shower (Pie Race Records)
Here by the virtue that this lo-fi Leeds combo take up the mantle of skiffle (a cultural expression whose criminal neglect is matched only by that of trad jazz), Speed Dinosaurs are a fun arrangement of uke, double bass and cajon.
Their songs are wry, tunes toe-tappin and they'll take your mind off your haemorrhoids, athletes' foot and lumbago for a while.
MonkeyHQ_Leeds@hotmail.co.uk

TAPES

Keep Tidy – BudsBuds EP – cassette on Pizza Pop Cassettes or free download
A Cubesville favourite, not least cos frontwoman Shmoo played in chronically short-lived and woefully forgotten The Organ. Vancouver punks Keep Tidy thrash out a fierce follow-up to the Basement Mold EP with cranked-up garagepunk guitars and pissed-off vocal delivery. Venturing just once over the two minute barrier, Keep Tidy don't pause for breath from the catchy punk of Follow Through to the desperate flailings of The Shots ("Wake up feeling bored and horny/Take the coke cos I'm desperate for the money..."). Tidy, like.
http://keeptidy.bandcamp.com/album/budsbuds

E330 – 2003-2008
E330 have the subtlety of Disorder in a china shop. Fektelen mentalis pusztitas belts it out with furious intent and sets the scene for this retrospective for a band I confess I'm unfamiliar with. Musicianship, as we all know, is a mere stumbling block. Exchanging it for punk intensity, over three collected demos, E330 freely thrash out hardcore daubed with shades of Extreme Noise and Mob 47. The third demo (2008) has faint notes of early Chaos UK (we do need more early Chaos UK in punk).
www.bandzone.cz/e330
Email: honzaherbert@centrum.cz

Smich Hyen – s/t
This five-track tape kicks off with a lo-fi emocrust epic Chci Vedet – deep growled female vocals and alternating chugging and blurred guitars to convey an interminable introspective moment of bleakness, anguish and despair. You love it. Smich Hyen rattle off their title track and Good Night Men Pride in black metal blurs before slowing it down for the barren, funereal Kastrace Lidskosti. www.bandzone.cz/smichhyen
Email: honzaherbert@centrum.cz

Thisclose – s/t
What ran the risk of being an obscure an irrelevant in-joke turns out to be quite a

REVIEWS

good slab of crustcore and a valuable cultural artifact. Taking time out from Formby Channel – a Japanese noisepunk-inspired tribute to George Formby – Roddy Ploppypants sends up the cult of d-beat progenitors Discharge. Taking the music of Japanese crustpunks Disclose, Roddy adds the high-pitch screeched vocal that Discharge singer Cal unfathomably adopted in the mid-1980s, thus ruining, or some contentiously say enhancing, the band's output at the time. While his parody fails to attain Cal's nails-down-blackboard pitch of a drunk aunty shrieking with laughter during a boring wedding, it strangely compliments the fuzzed-out chugging d-beat of Thisclose. Lyrically, it's an absurd Discharge parody – Two Monstrous Distro Stockpiles, When There's a Bill (You Have to Pay), Drunk with Flower Power, etc.

We asked singer Roddy his loves and hates about d-beat...

Loves:

1. 'd-beat' bands that can actually play a d-beat
2. fresh lyrical content
3. 'Rainy' style bass lines.

Roddy said: "Overall - a band who actually understands what made Discharge good."

Hates:

1. claiming 'd-beat' sound, play sub-Motorhead b-side shit, with no d-beat in any song.
2. moronic, pointless, cookie cutter dis-lyrics, especially from bands whose first language is English.
3. people who think the 2000 line up is the definitive Discharge line-up. No Gary Maloney, no Discharge.

He said: "Overall: a band who has no idea what Discharge was beyond studded jacket of the debut ep."

r_neithercut@hotmail.co.uk

Zudas Krust – Here Lies your Gods

Indonesian prophets of the apocalypse Zudas Krust assemble buzzsaw guitar, pistol-crack snare, concrete mixer bass and windtunnel vocal to create a searing tinny cacophony that'll strip you of a range of hearing that you never even realised you had until you woke up screaming without it.

Lyrically, it's all about smoking ruins: "You and I, let's make history/Spit on the world, sent it to the soot..." Frantic and fantastic.

Email: honzaherbert@centrum.cz

ZINES

Local zines make local scenes

Bad Signal #1/Issue #63

Let's put these two excellent zines together. Bad Signal #1 is the enormously talented Vendella's first venture into zineland to totally enthuse about the Manchester alt-music scene. Manchester rocks by the way. So there's plenty for Vendella and her friends to get excited about.

Like the free tape that comes with the zine featuring the divine sound of Literature Thieves, crazy fucked up Klaus Kinski, Minor-Threat-meets-Siege thrash of Throwin Stuff and dancy Saford Media City. I missed the launch of #2 cos I'm a wanker but enormously looking forward to getting a copy.

Issue fanzine should be sponsored by the Basingstoke tourist board.

Editor Neil lives and breathes DIY music with a biro grafted to one hand and a camera superglued to the other. The 16-page A4 #63 is fit to burst with rants and reviews that mine the rich seam of the local punk/metal/alternative scene, putting Legend in Japan under the spotlight.

I was (Basing)stoked to receive this. Neil hasn't given us a mixtape like Vendella's or we'd be here for ever.

Issue 50p + stamp from Neil Duncan, 25 Sarum Hill, Basingstoke, Hants RG21 8SS

Bad Signal: badsignalzine@gmail.com

More Noize #9

Combining a deep love of punk music and record collecting with a total disregard for his eardrums, More Noize is the most comprehensive UK noisepunk fanzine. Tony's enthusiasm oozes out of each of MN's 24 action packed A4 pages, interviewing Disorder, FUK, The Wankys and Japanese noise merchants The Bollocks and raking up the history of obscure 80s punks The Stench.

Its cut-n-paste layout and biroed drawings enhanced my toilet reading no end.

31 Woodville Rd, London E17 7ER

Ploppy Pants #14
Roddy ends his PP oddessy while he's still on top of his game with a collision of unremittingly DIY music and lo-cost travel. We hear about his travels across South East Asia alongside vital vegan food tips (Cubesville zine ranks the cannonball-sized durian fruit as food of the gods) and interviews with Kuala Lumpa autonomous centre the Ricecooker and Malaysian punks Carburettor Dung. Also are interviews with Pagan Fire and a woman who wrote a zine about being suspended by hooks, and a 10-year PP retrospective.
dirty_little_punk@hotmail.com

Readers Discharge #1
Having bowed out of zinemaking, Roddy returns with a 16-page punkasfuk effort to accompany the tour of Hungarian thrashers Crippled Fox, interviewing the band's singer. There's also a written history of the recording of an obscure 1980s demo by Swiss punks The Decay and some Discharge worship. Available as a PDF too...
x4298x@gmail.com

Sticky Sounds #3
Vicky's gaining momentum with every issue. Having started out with an online blog she's developed a really strong voice in print. This 44-page issue features writing and photography on urban exploration in Manchester, a zine-article-mixtape, horror film reviews and a brilliant article on mental health. I'm enthused.
stickyvickypunk@gmail.com

Stupid Questions #1
The chaotic layout captures the mood for this frantic, action-packed debut issue. Editor Mark asks stupid questions of xSaxonx, Go Fuck Yourself zine, Thisclose, Pig//Control, Pictish Haar, etc, like: "I'm trying to fly a Boeing 747 but I'm having some problems – what should I do?" and "Are beards punk?" Important matters of the day. £1 + stamp: Mark, 62 George St, Millport, Isle of Cumbrae. KA28 0BJ

TNS #14
I can't believe this 36-page fanzine is free!! TNS is a workaholic DIY punk label from Manchester and the fanzine is just one string in its ...errrm... very stringy bow. Jam-packed with columns, interviews and reviews, this issue features Bootscraper, ZDA, Kollapse, Stoi Snak, Faintest Idea, Speed Dinosaurs and everyone's favourite, Under the Pavement radio show.
andy@tnsrecords.co.uk
17 Heywood Road, Manchester M25 1FB

Ugly Love #1
Kicking off with a 32-page eclectic, energetic issue, there are rantings, ramblings, musings and errrm, amusingthings from a load of punks based in the South West. A (scarily) informed and opinionated article on Batman movies steals it, alongside a written history of a guy's sometime calamitous memories of squatting in London and the Basque Country.
And there's lots on bands (including ED wood interview) and films... bags of fun.
nataliebatalie@hotmail.com

BOOK

Penny Rimbaud, America, and how! Tales from the New World 1973-2012 (Bracket Press/ Existencil Press)
America, and how! sifts through the rubble left by the events of 9-11 to make sense of the indiscriminate and interminable revenge that followed. Among the cultural artefacts blowing about the New York streets are Ginsberg's groundbreaking Howl, the brilliant phrasings of jazz saxophonist John Coltrane and the gaudy paraphenalis left behind in the rocknroll boom. With the venom spat out in the final thrashings of Crass, Penny Rimbaud rails against the savage greed that dirtied the streets of New York and then sought wholesale slaughter as vengeance to the theatre of 9-11.
Just as anarchists below the age of 50 reach for their Crass records as cultural references of resistance, Penny Rimbaud reaches for the writings of beat poet Ginsberg.
And with the privilege of age, Penny Rimbaud is able to put the 9-11 events in a historical, cultural and political context, not as the beginning of a new chapter of American history, but as a punctuation mark in an ongoing story of avarice and one-sided social advantage.
Thus Penny Rimbaud revises the Howl in which Ginsberg lamented the avarice-stained New York streets of the 1950s, to a punctuated How! of the 21st Century.

OBITUARIES: DAME FORTUNE LAUGHS IN OUR FACES

Between #13 and #14, two deaths shocked Cubesville towers. The first was that of jazz trumpeter Kenny Ball. He was a particular favourite here, and the Cubesville gramophone regularly blasts out his lively trad jazz tunes as we randomly cobble articles together and haphazardly pritstik the pages of the people's favourite anarchoquirkzine. I went to see him for my birthday gig a few years back and he properly rocked.

Back in the heady days of the mid-90s, myself and fellow hellraising Southport expat Merrick did Kenny Ball birthday gigs two years running – me on Special Brew and him on a certain disco-orientated stimulant. At the first, in Southport, we went for a pre-gig pint with anarchist, surrealist, jazz singer and general bon viveur George Melly. We went to The Lakeside, which claims to be Britain's smallest pub. George wore what at the time was Britain's loudest suit. Cool.

The second, in Bangor, was more drunken. It culminated in a scruffy half-time fracas in the theatre bar with the manager and doorstaff following a few unsubstantiated and vindictive complaints concerning the quality of my singing and dancing. It all kicked off when many of the (very aged) audience decided they were on my side, while the manager was adamant that he was going to turf me out. I remember one cool old lady saying: "If young people like this gentleman aren't allowed to listen to jazz, it will disappear." I'm still carrying this jazz torch for you baby! Kenny kindly intervened and I was allowed to watch the second half on condition that I sat away from the rest of the audience, absolutely still and with a bouncer either side of me. Great gig. Happy days. Cheers Kenny.

As this issue went to press, we were gladdened by the news that ex-Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher became the ex-Margaret Thatcher.

All thoughts of making the printers on time were shelved. There was much merriment on that day; its highpoint was a conga danced around the pool table of the north's premier libertarian venue, the 1in12 Club, Bradford, to Ghost Town by the Specials.

The nation's Thatcher parties are a reminder to anyone who fucks people over. Death comes to us all. And if you're a twat, maybe there'll be a conga line dancing when you die.

On a personal level, I would like to say a big "fuck you" to all those people who made Margaret Thatcher's greed-driven world possible. To the policemen who beat up protestors, to the City traders who sold off our nation's assets, to the office workers who helped to collect the Poll Tax and to the ordinary British people who simply voted tory. Fuck you.

I'm reminded of the words of Elizabethan poet and explorer Sir Walter Raleigh – a man who went from flavour of the month to sitting in a damp cell awaiting his execution. Left for years on death row, he found time to write a history of the world. Here's an extract of his rather cynical intro:

"O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded ... thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, Hic jacet [Here lies...]!"

We watched you play
Midnight in Moscow,

Your trans-Atlantic
smash,

With a little touch of
Satchmo...

And the energy of the
Clash.

Kenneth Daniel Ball (22 May 1930 – 7 March 2013)

You believed that
greed was a virtue.

Your mob cheated,
hoodwinked and lied,

But none of your
triumphs compared
to...

The joy that we felt
when you died.

Margaret Hilda Thatcher (née Roberts, 13 October 1925 – 8 April 2013)